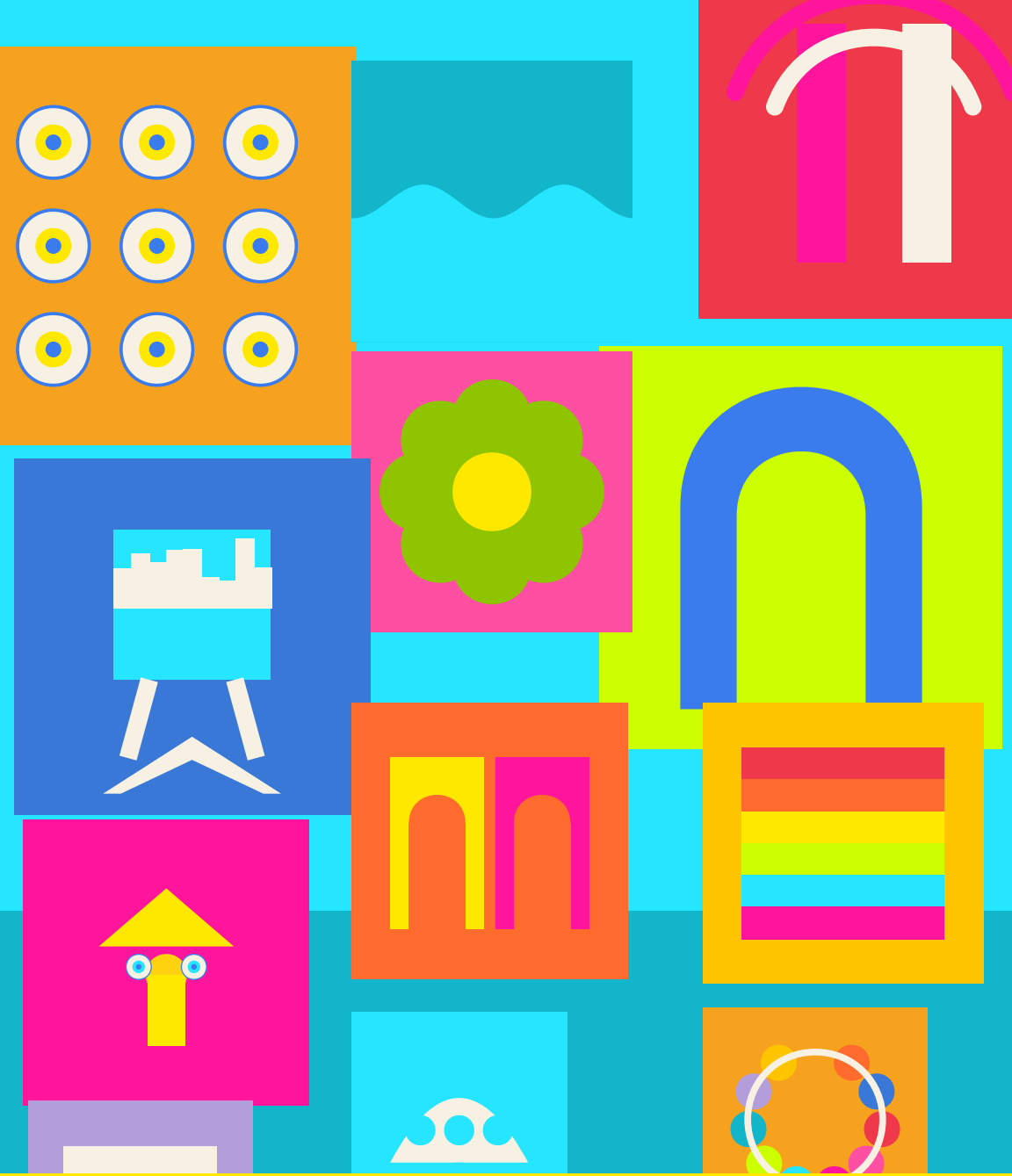


THE FAR TIDE

A WESTWARD MYTH OF THE TWELVE WALKING FAMILIES

SUPER · SUPERGRAPHICS · SEA-RANCH DIALECT · BOOK III

Surjan, with the aid of Claude

SURJAN SUPER SCHOOL · HYPOSTYLE PRESS · NO DARK COLOURS, ANYWHERE

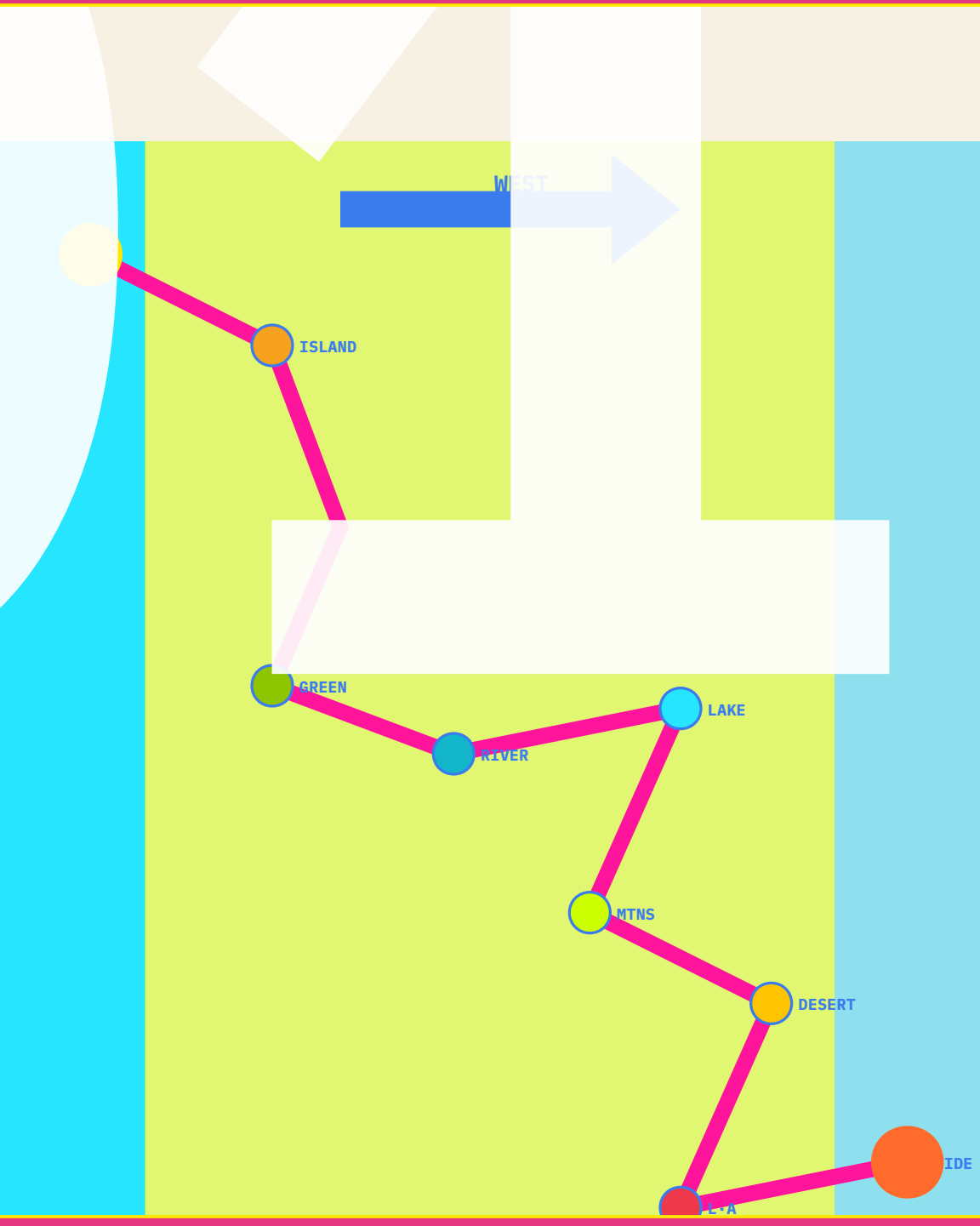


PLATE 01

The Route — Mannahatta to the Pacific

Three thousand miles, Battery to the bright water. Each dot is a leg, coloured by the family that speaks for it; the pink line is the long walk west, and the last dot is not an ending but a tide.

PLATE 02

The Twelve, Again — a Contact Sheet

The same twelve you walked with in Movable Kin, met once more at the trailhead. Their colours have not changed. Together they are the moving city of Mannahatta, about to walk off the edge of its map.

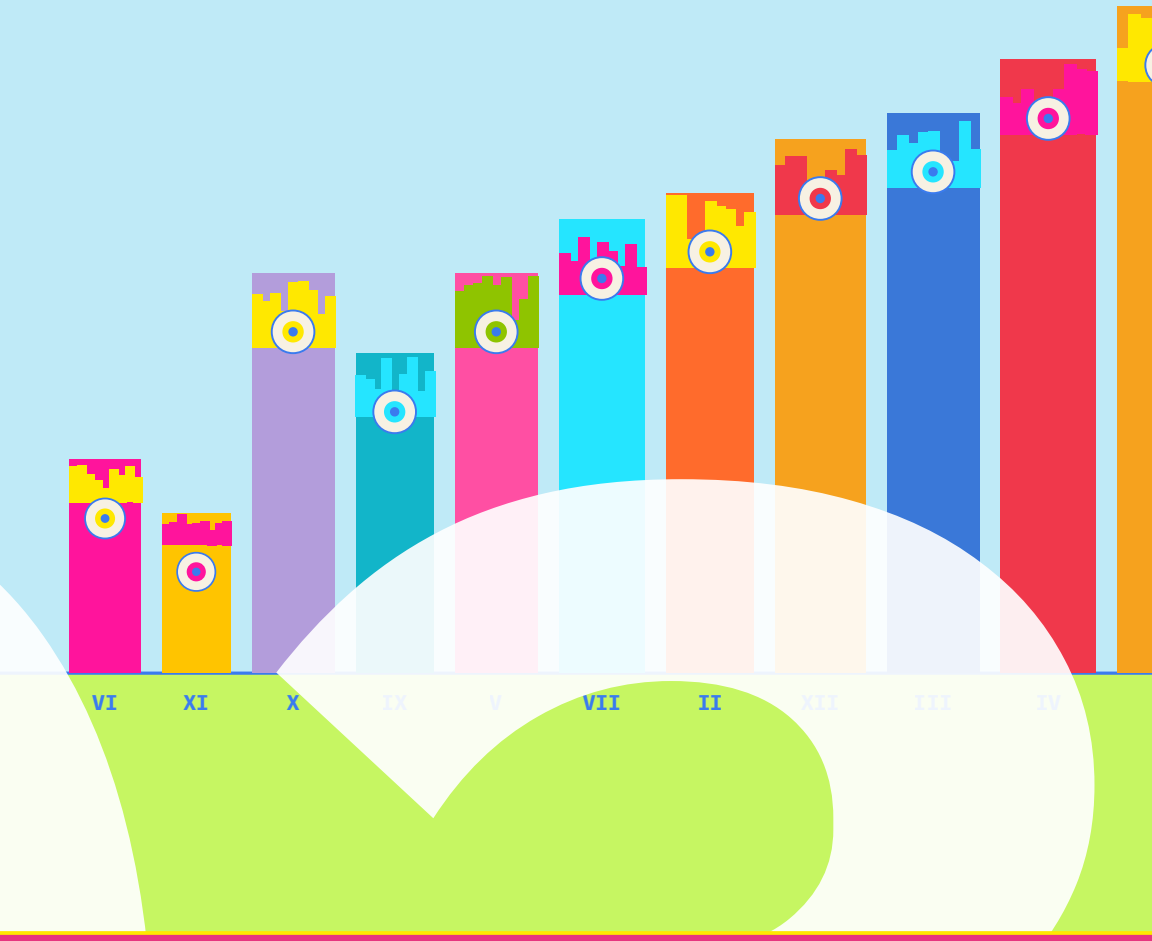


PLATE 03

The Twelve, to Scale

From the one warm room of the Pink Houses to the mountain-bodied Overscaled Follies: hugeness done kindly is only tenderness with more room, and the smallest family matters most on the hardest passages.

04

WESTWARD, SINGING

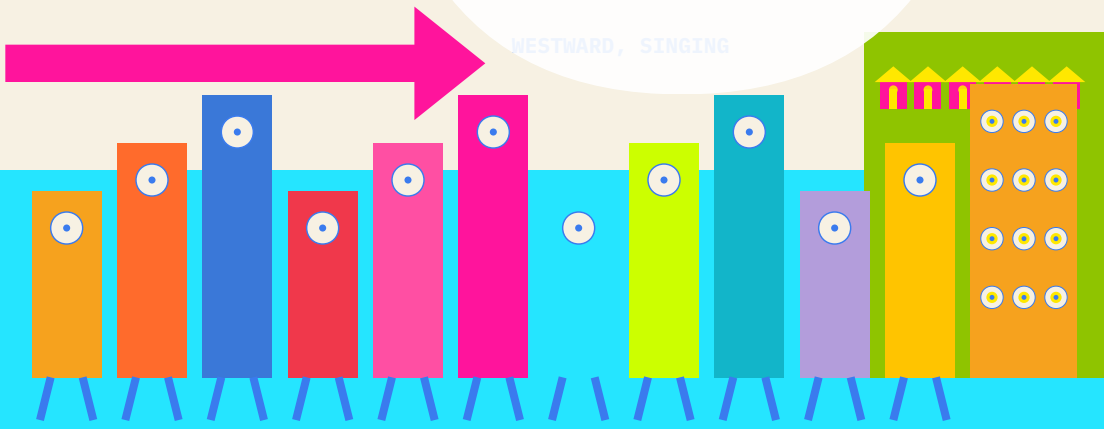


PLATE 04

The Leaving of Mannahatta

The last night was not a wake but a festival. At the Atlantic dawn the whole moving city turned, took one long look at the island it was leaving whole and bright, and walked off the only map it had ever known.

WALKING CITIES SET THE PACE →

← THE HOUSE CLOSES THE COLUMN

PLATE 05

The Order of March

The Walking Cities lead and set the pace; the House of Many Eyes closes the column, so that no family is ever behind it, uncounted. Between them walk the other ten, in the order the road asked for.

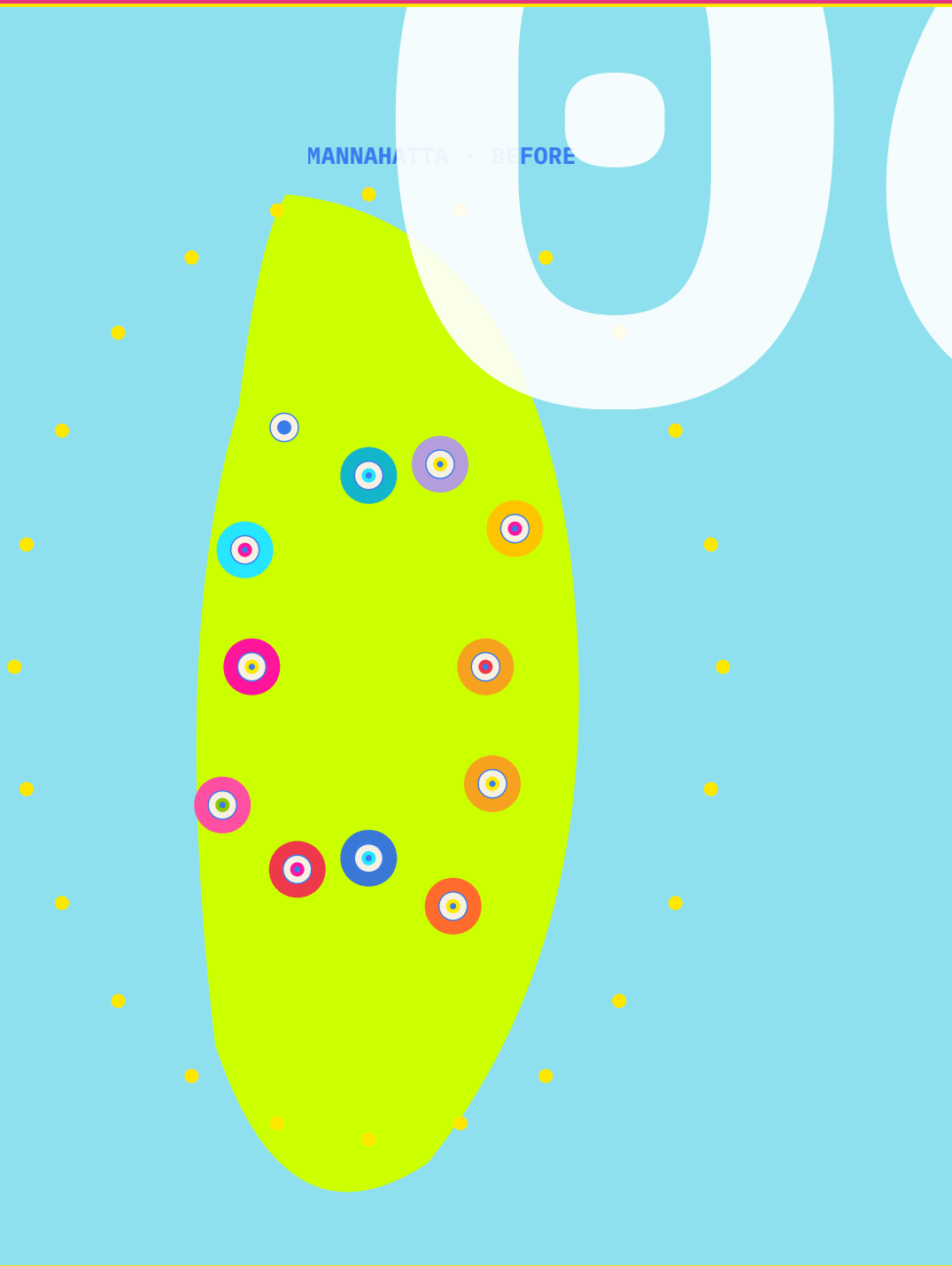


PLATE 06

Mannahatta, the Island, Before

The moving city drawn in the present tense, one last time: twelve bright families quartered on the island that made them, ringed by four hundred years of harbour lamps, whole and glowing and about to leave.

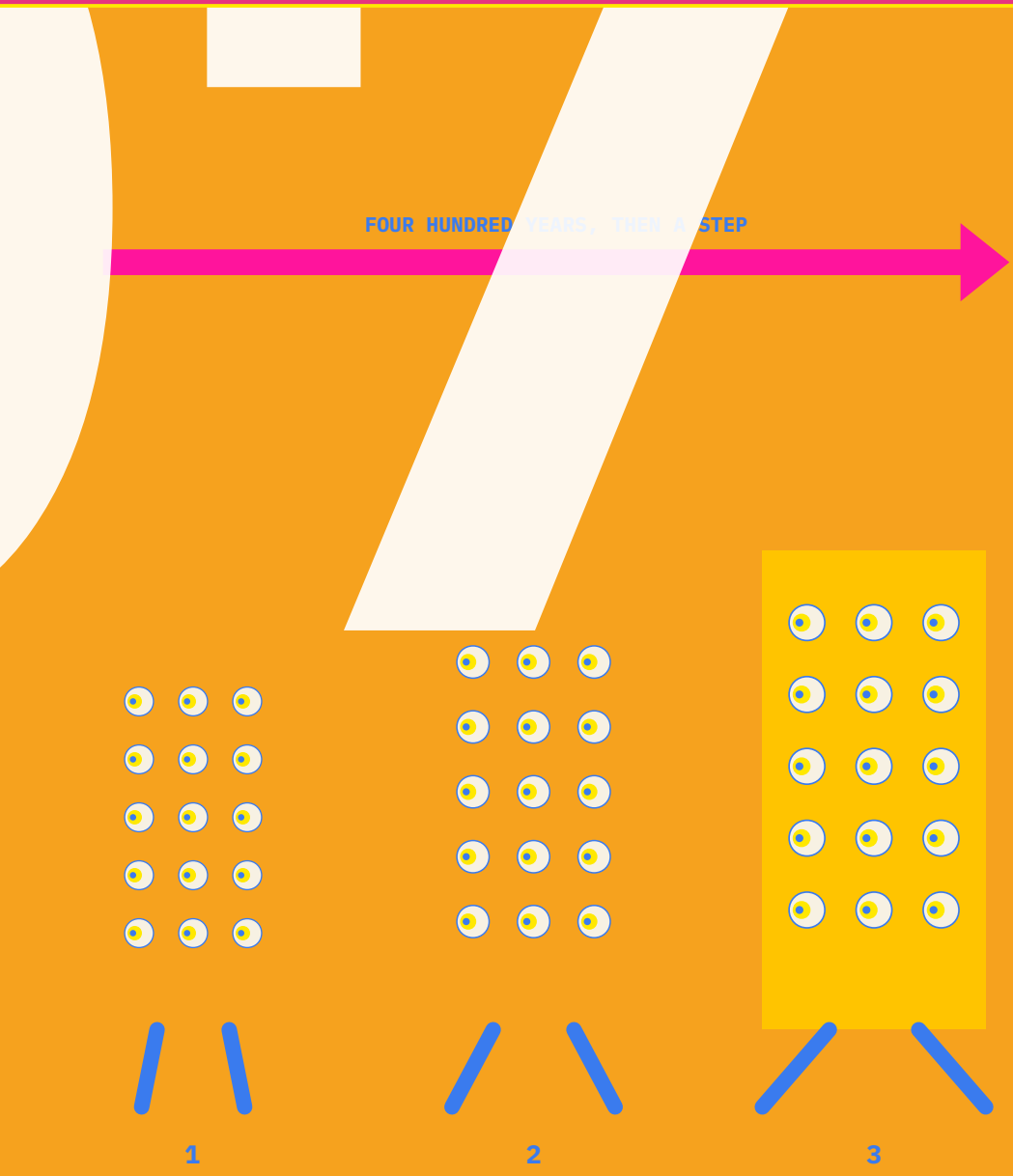


PLATE 07

The House Walks

For four hundred years the House of Many Eyes had only ever stayed. Here, in three strides, it learns to move — the keeper of every lamp taking, at last, its own first steps west, hundred windows forward.

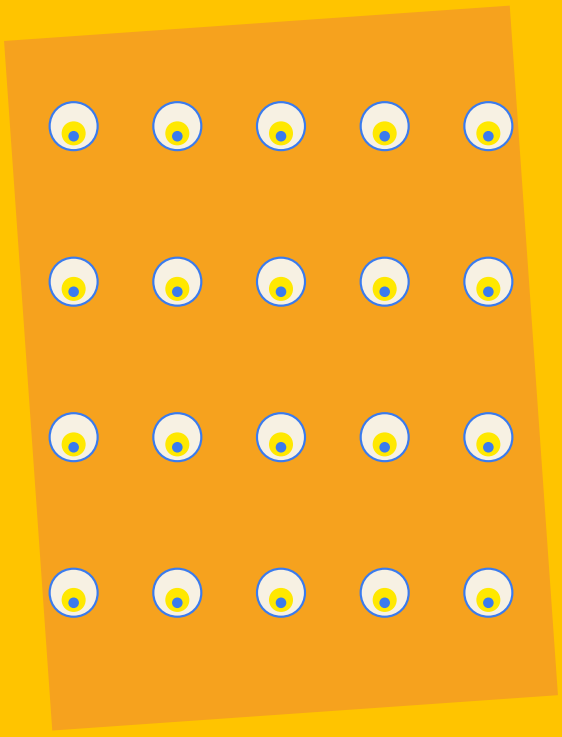


PLATE 08

The House's First Step

The hardest and gladdest step in the book. You do not have to find your way back — that is my work, not yours; you have only to go bravely, and I will keep the lights, and the lights are how the way back finds you.

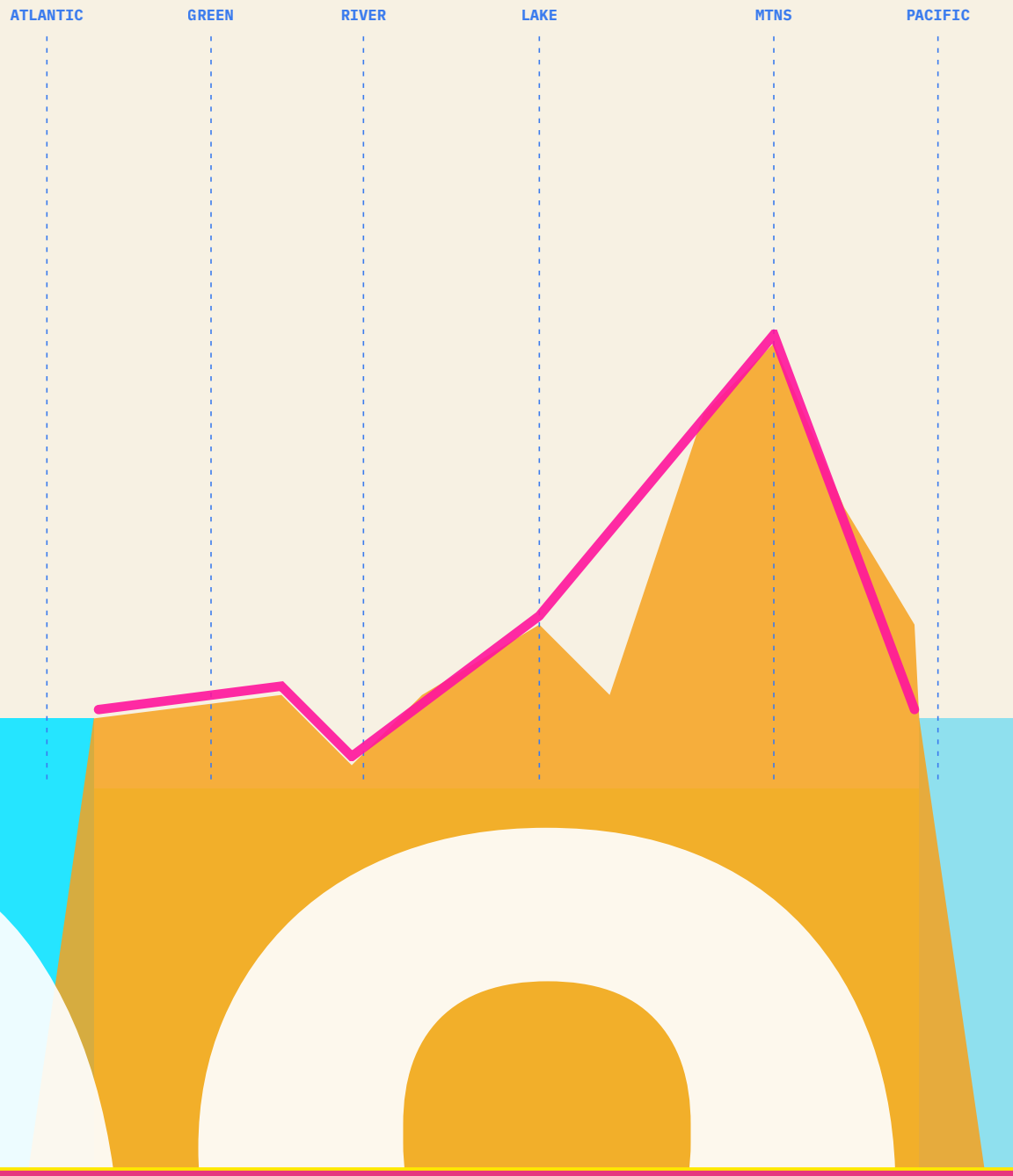


PLATE 09

The Walk in Section, Sea to Sea

The whole continent in one bright profile: the green miles, the great river's dip, the inland sea's edge, the high hump of the mountains, the gold desert, and the far coast — the caravan a pink thread across all of it.

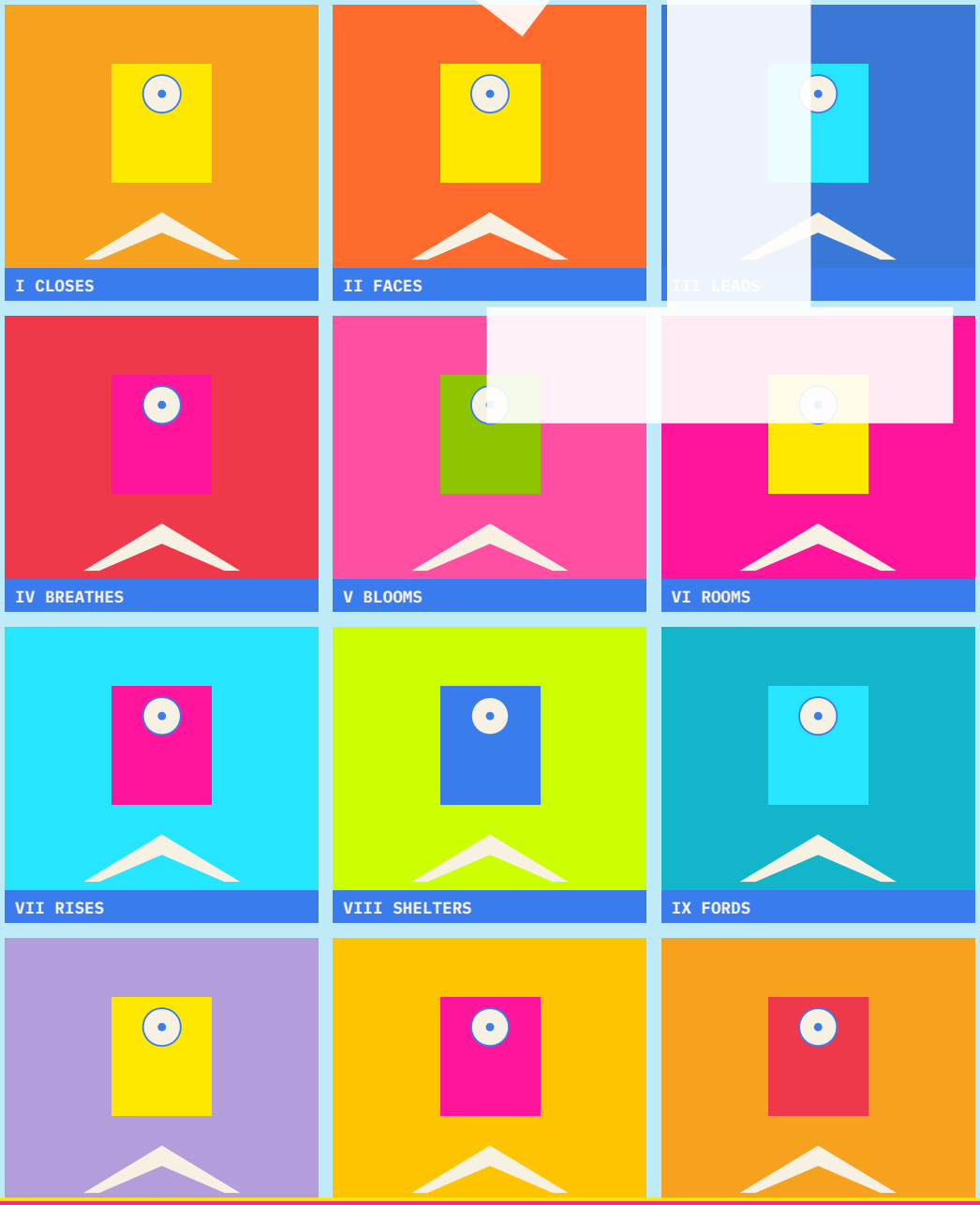


PLATE 10

How Each Family Walks

Twelve gaits for one road. The Walking Cities lead; the Follies ford; the Crowns rise; the Grey Ones light every mile; the House closes the column — each family crossing the country in the shape of what it is.

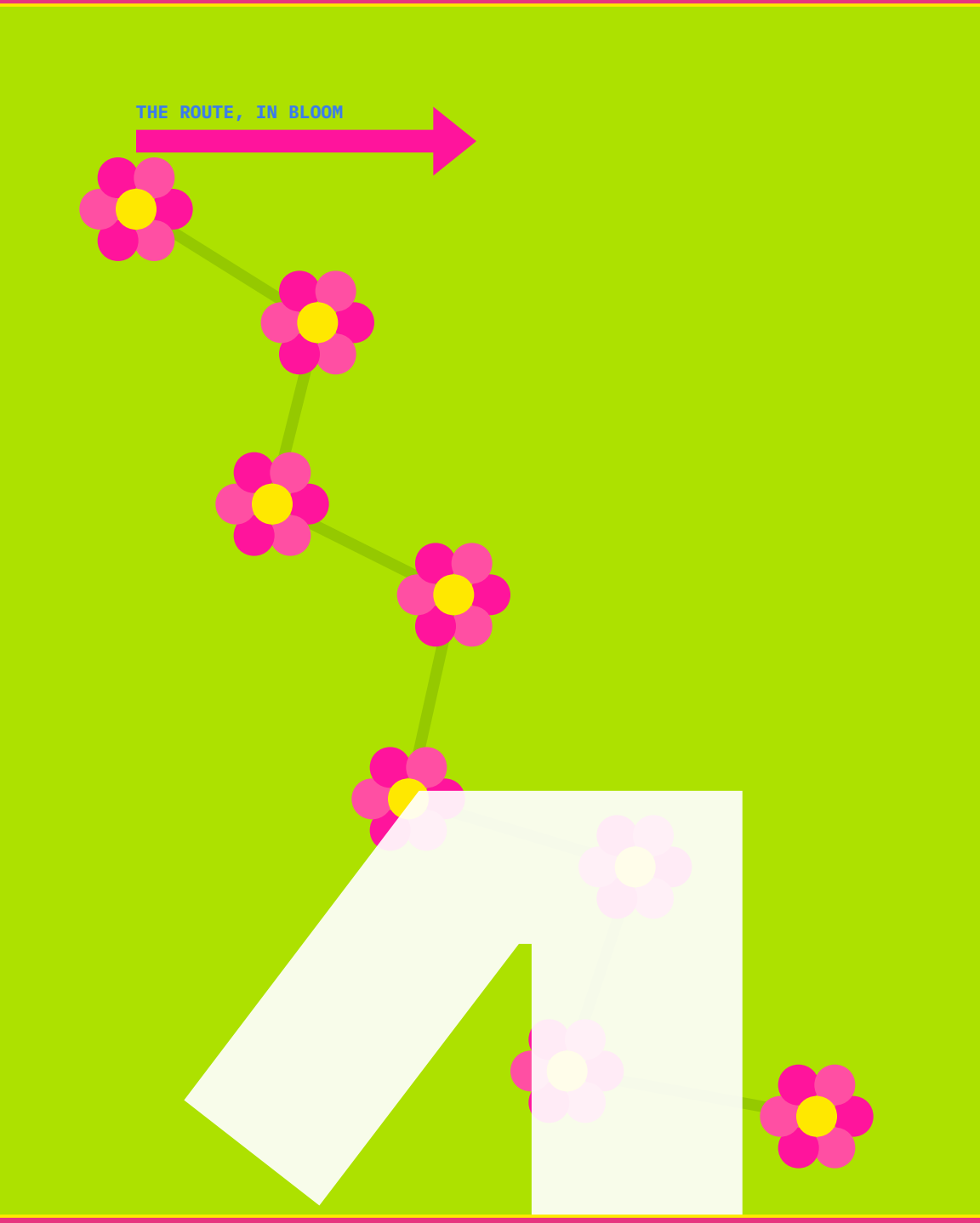


PLATE 11

The Route Written in Flowers

The Flower Houses — the oldest grief on the island, turned to petal — bloomed hardest in the driest country, and left the whole road marked in flowers, proving a family opens because of what it is, not where.

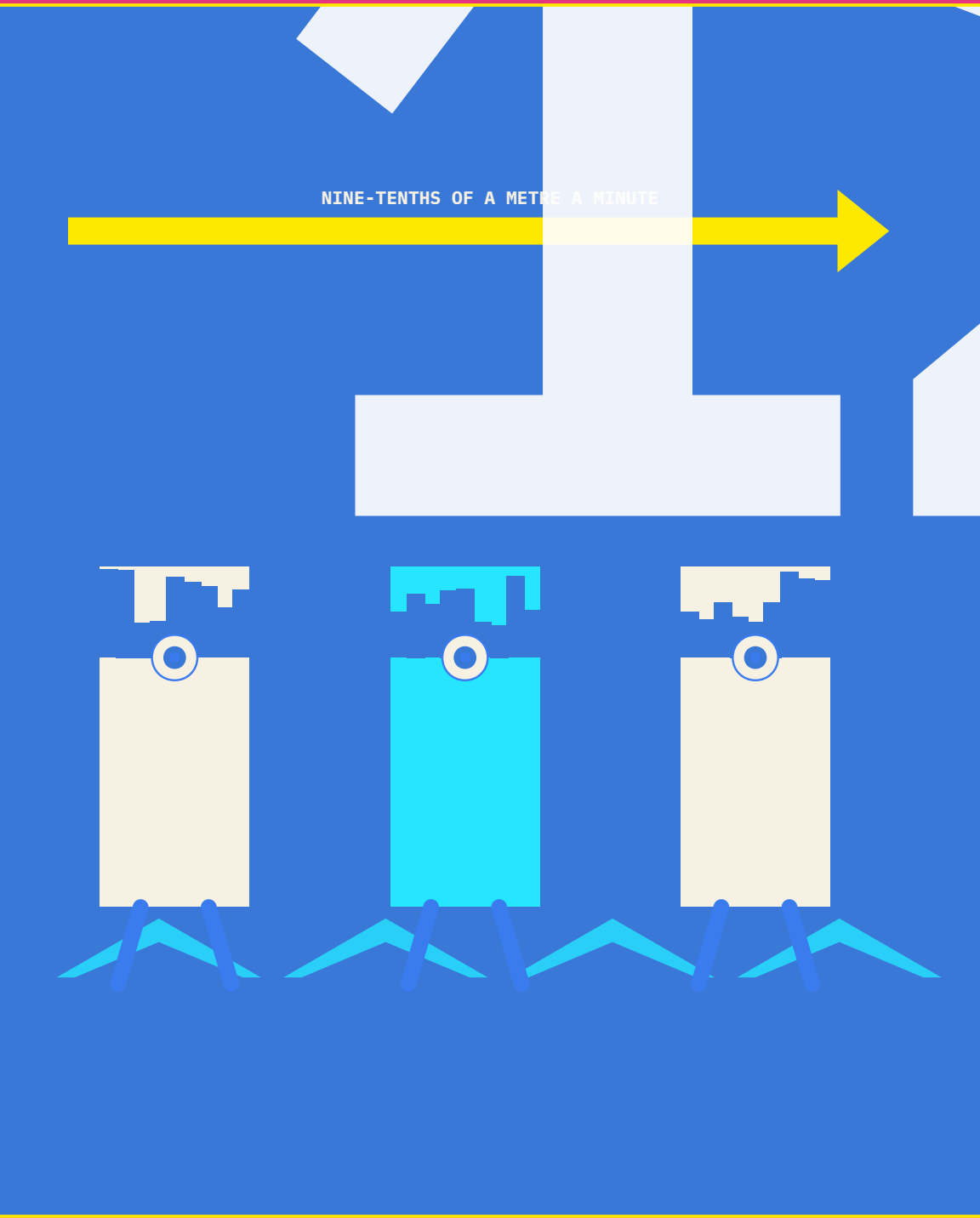


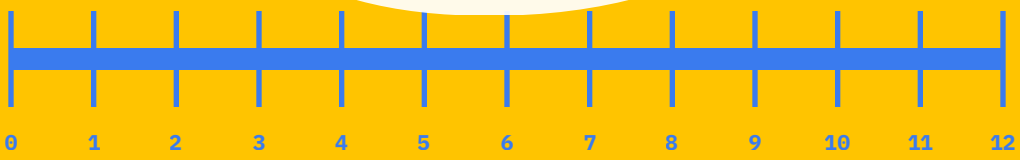
PLATE 12

The Walking Cities Stride

Whole buildings that would rather move than be preserved, they led and set the pace: nine-tenths of a metre a minute, the speed of talking, unchanged for three thousand miles. The point was always the walking.

13

0.9 m / min



THE SPEED OF TALKING · UNCHANGED FOR 3,000 MILES

SET THE PACE TO THE MOST TIRED, NEVER TO THE STRONGEST.

PLATE 13

The Pace of a Continent

A leader who climbs at their own best speed summits alone, which is not summiting at all. The Walking Cities set the pace to the most tired, never the strongest — because arriving together is the only arriving that counts.

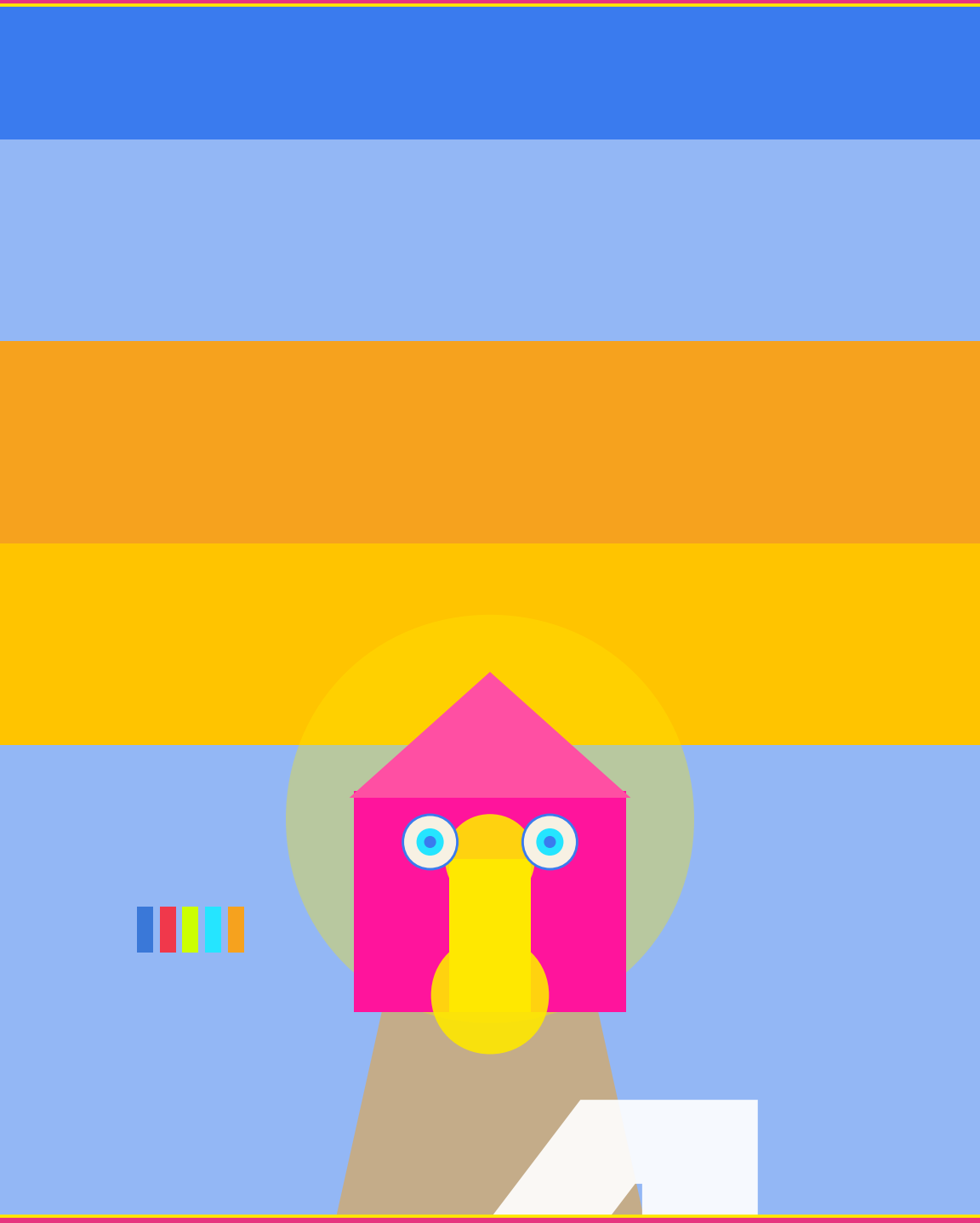


PLATE 14

The Pink Room on the Road

The smallest family — one warm room, one pink door — made a home at every roadside and kept the whole caravan one. Grandeur gets you up the mountain, but a warm room is what keeps you alive at the top of it.

YOUR KIN ARE A BRIDGE — AND SO ARE YOU

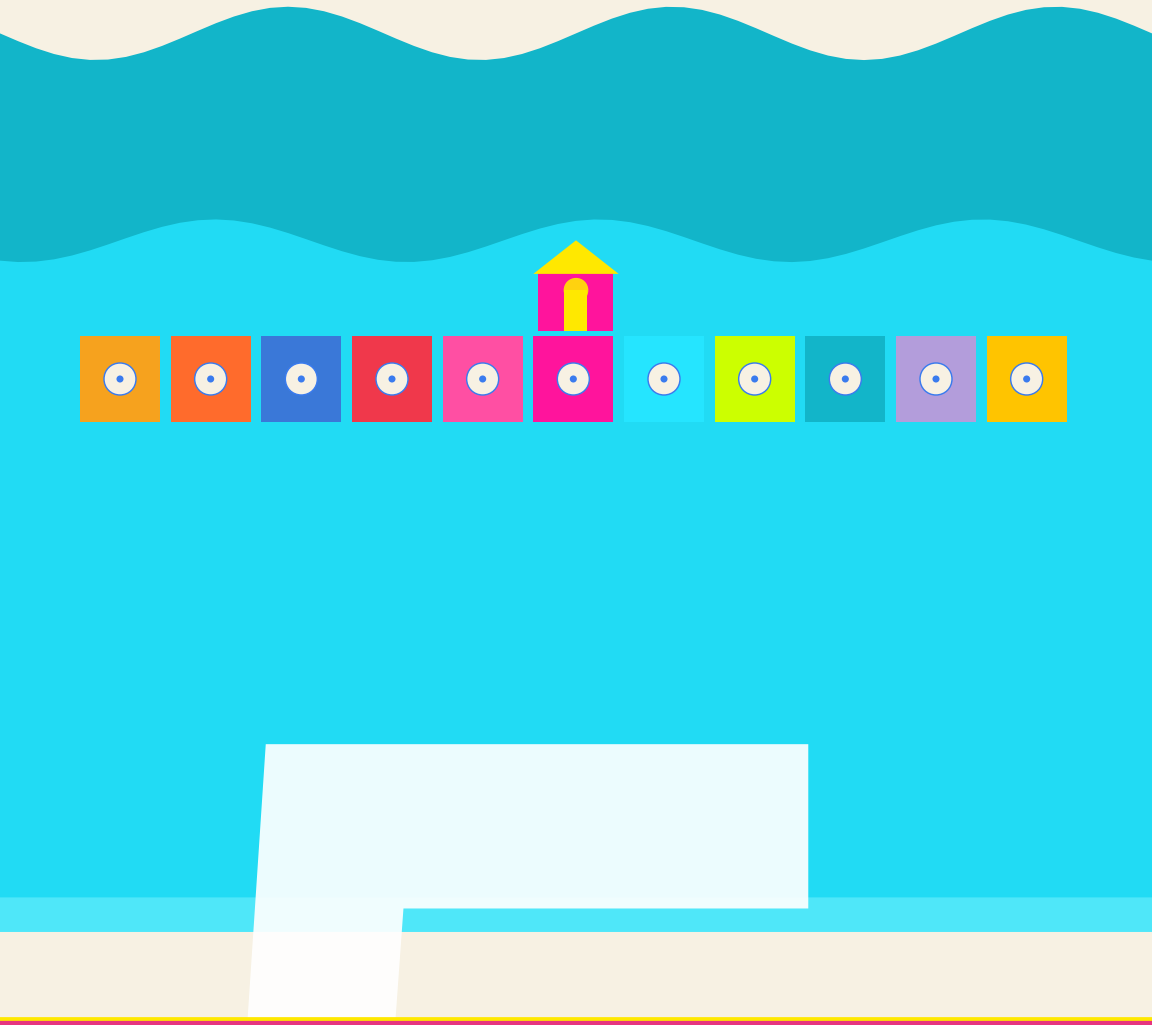


PLATE 15

Fording the Great River

No family crosses a mile of moving water alone; it crosses on the backs and shoulders and patient bodies of its own. The river mile is the mile you learn your kin are a bridge — the whole secret of getting across anything.

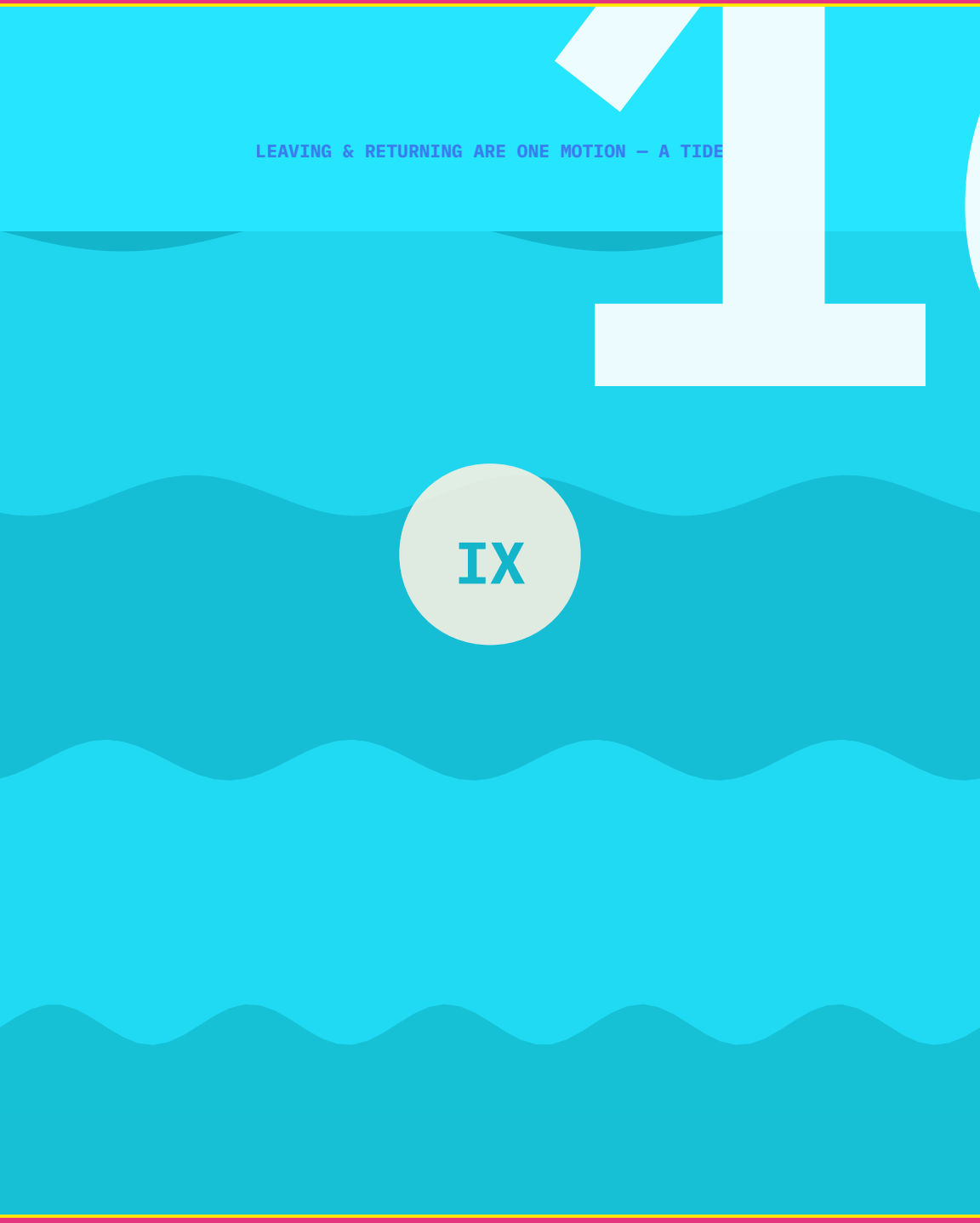


PLATE 16

The Tidal Ones Ford

Tidal by birth, the Follies of Mannahatta forded every river for the family, making each crossing a small friendly sea. To them, leaving and returning are one single motion — and the coming-back is folded inside the going-under.

PLATE 17

The Plates Record the Miles

Each night the Supergraphic Plates lay flat and recorded the day's three thousand feet, keeping the whole crossing legible and in the present tense — for to remember, they hold, is to meet the thing alive.

PLATE 18

The Island, After — the Gifts Still Glowing

Dear Architecture: we did not leave the island dark. The Flower Houses bloomed on the way out; the Crowns rose; every warm room stayed lit. What we left behind was not an absence but a set of gifts, still glowing.

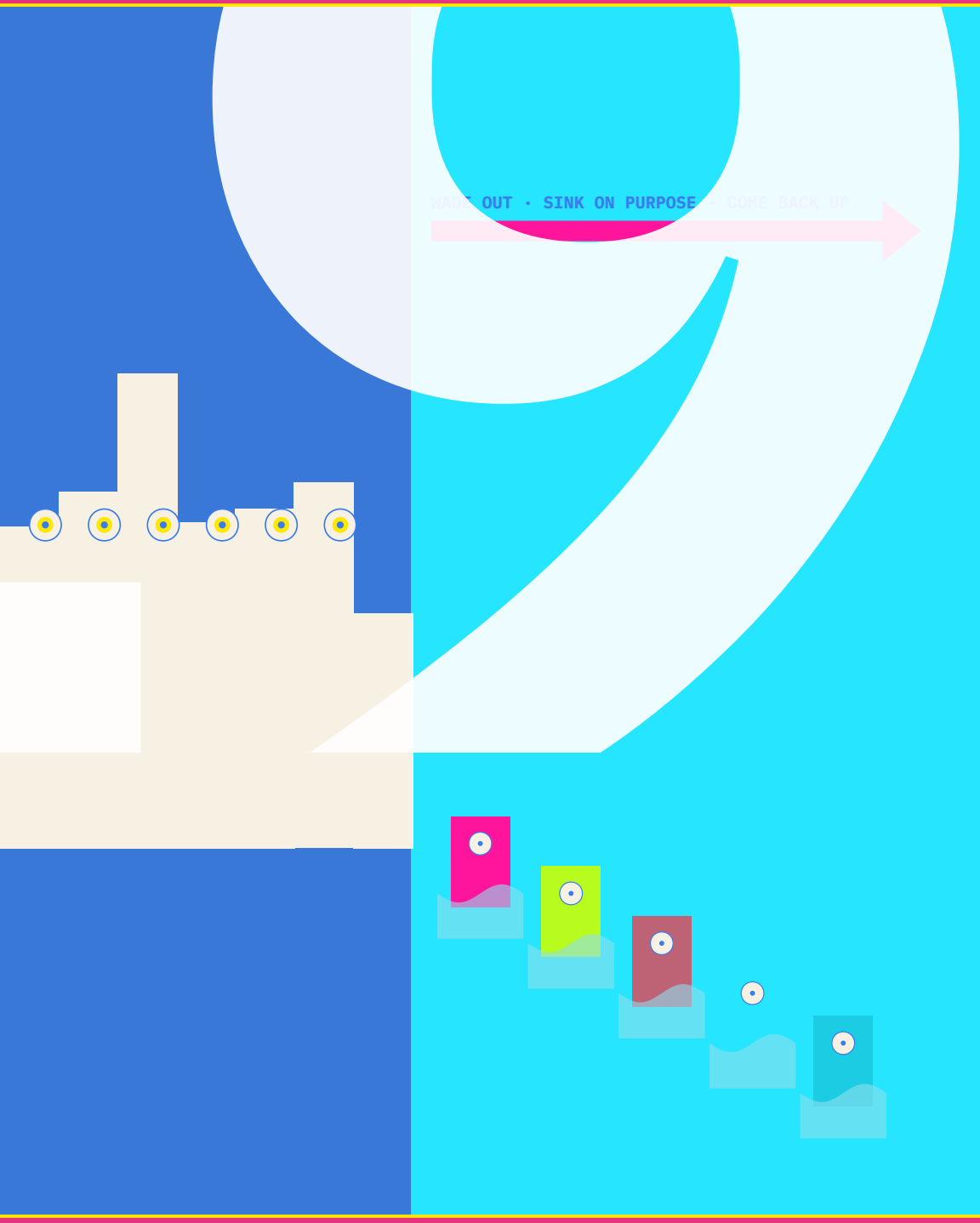


PLATE 19

Chicago — the Practice of Hiding

Chicago is for practising the going-under. Here the eleven learned to wade past their own threshold, sink on purpose, hide entirely, and — this is the whole of it — come back up, and found that hidden is not gone.

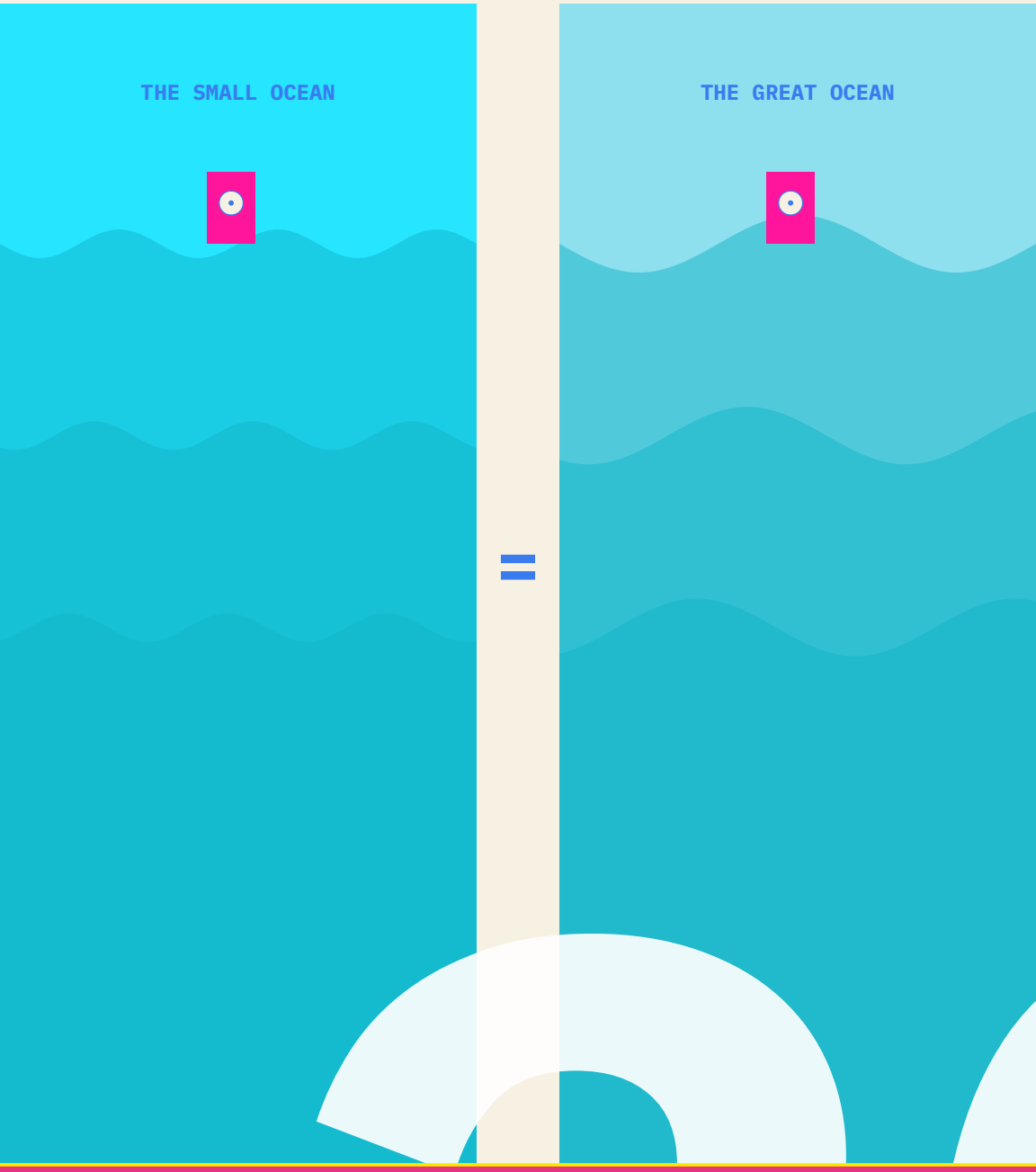


PLATE 20

The Two Oceans, Compared

Stand at the widest water you have ever seen and practise not being afraid of a far side you cannot see — because a much wider water is coming. The lake is the rehearsal; the Pacific is the performance; the fear is the same, and so is the courage.

PLATE 21

The Towers' Breath, for Diving

The Conversing Towers — the red ones, who breathe the harbour and sing it back — taught the whole family the breath of diving: in deep at the surface, out slow going down, so the deep held no terror at all.

22

A WALL PROTECTS · A DOOR INVITES

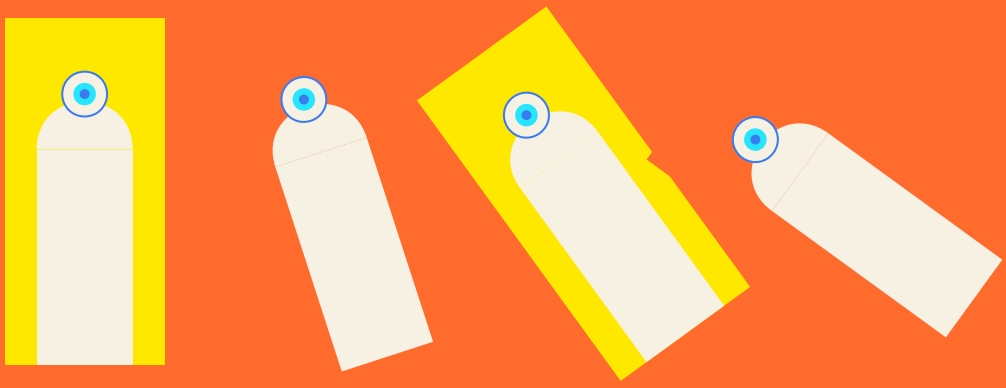


PLATE 22

The Facades Turn West

Rescued fronts that learned to be doors, the Facades faced every town the caravan passed and turned, at last, to face the water — because they chose long ago, and to the very end, to meet even the ocean open.

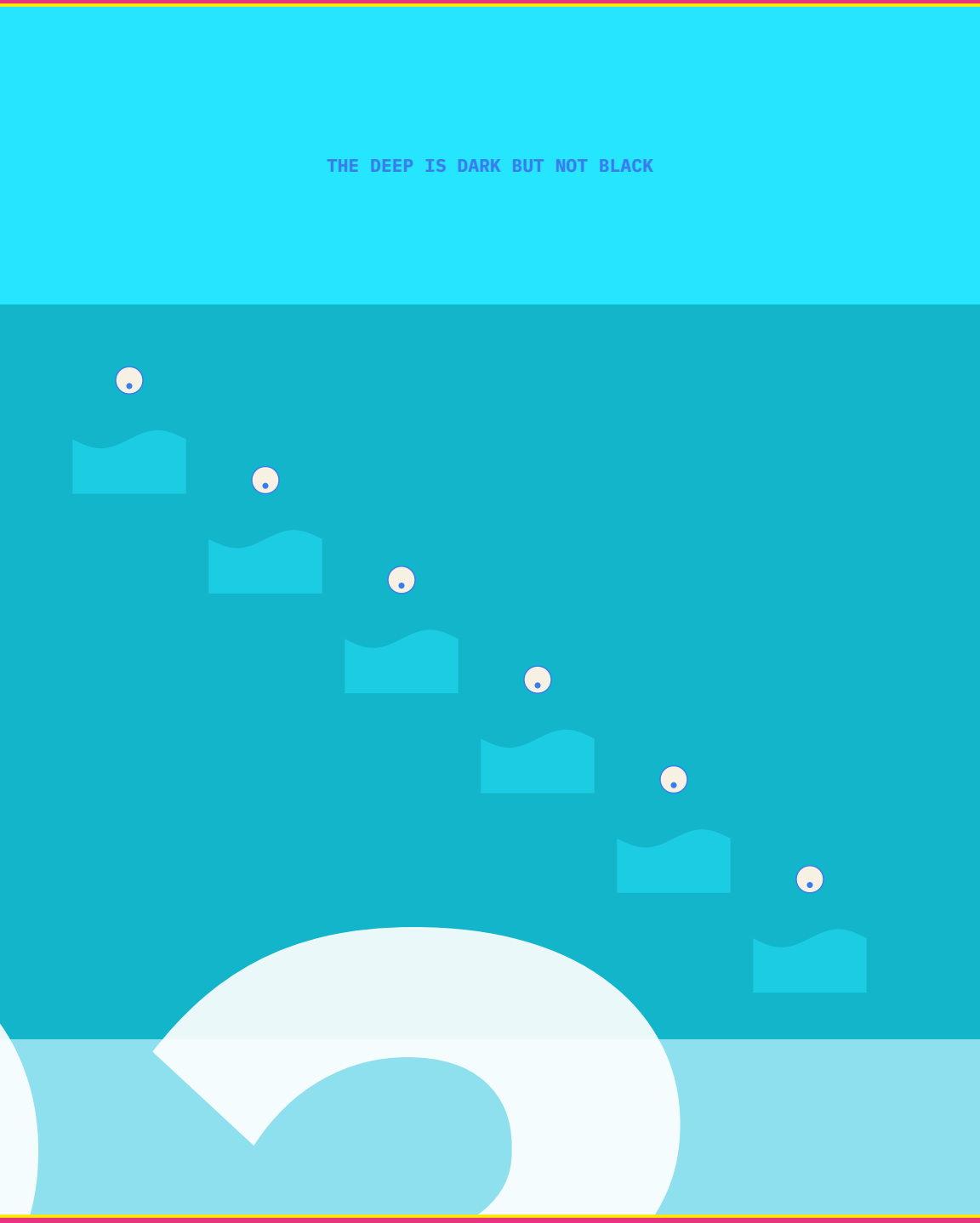


PLATE 23

The Tidal Ones, in the Small Ocean

The Follies went under first in the lake and taught the family that the deep is dark but not black, and that hidden is not gone — glad and unafraid, the way they had walked into every water they ever met.

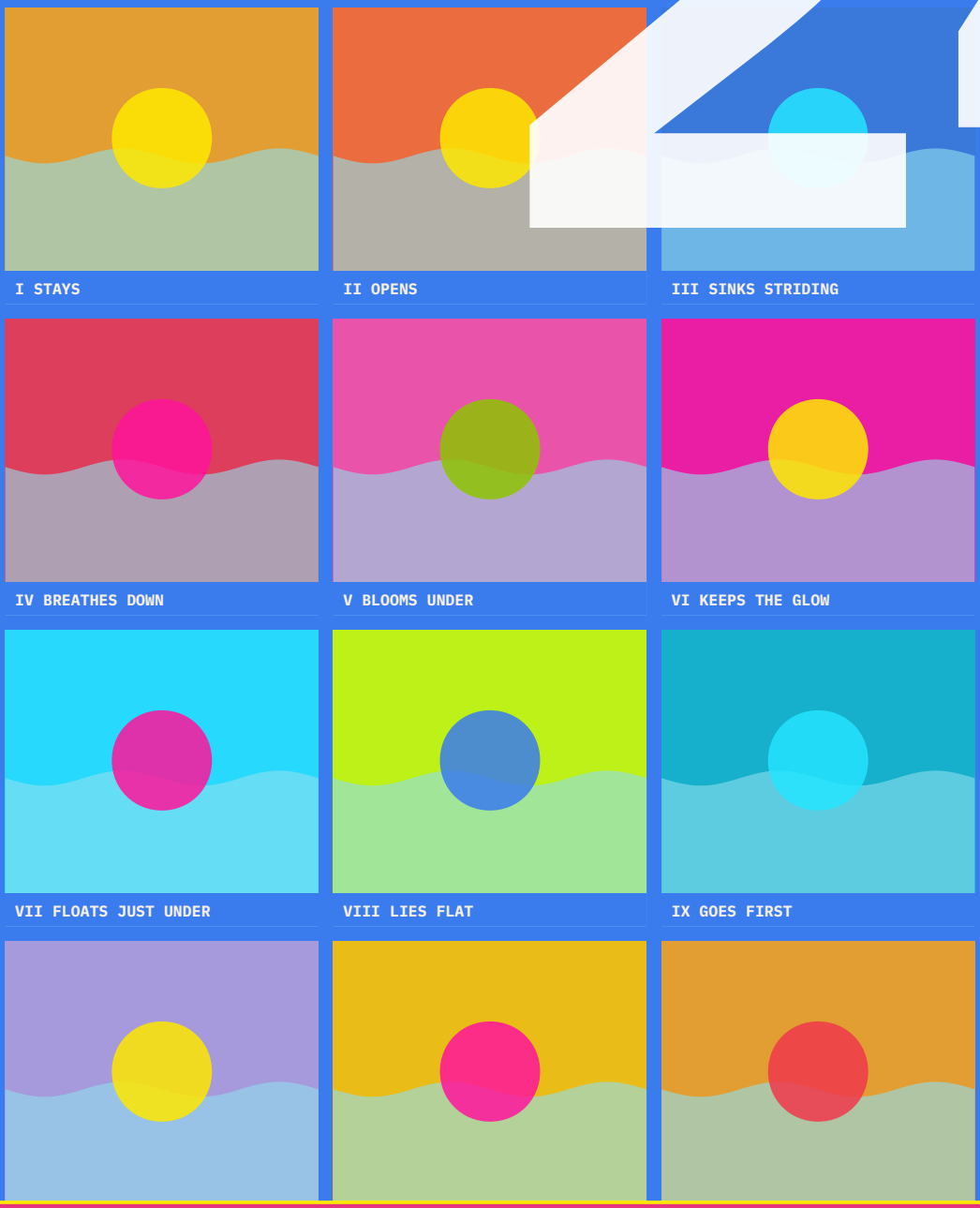


PLATE 24

Each Family's Way of Hiding

Twelve mercies for one disappearance. The House does not hide but stays; the Facades hide by opening; the Plates slip under edge-first without a ripple. Every family learned to vanish in the shape of what it already was.

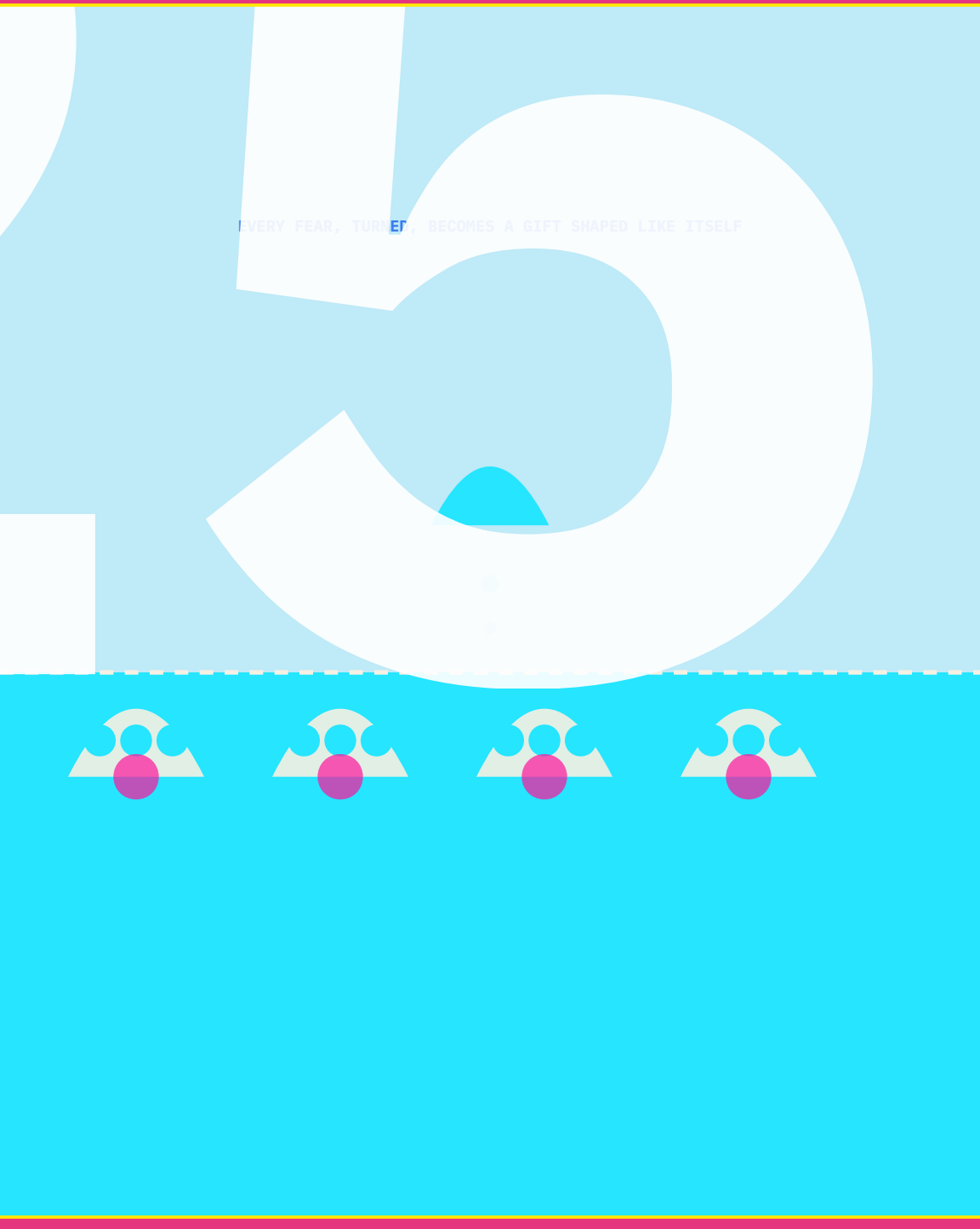


PLATE 25

The Crowns Learn to Hide in Their Buoyancy

Full of air and made to rise, the Inflatable Crowns could not sink — and wept — then learned to hide their own way, disappearing upward into the bright. The family that struggled most to sink rises highest and sees the far shore first.

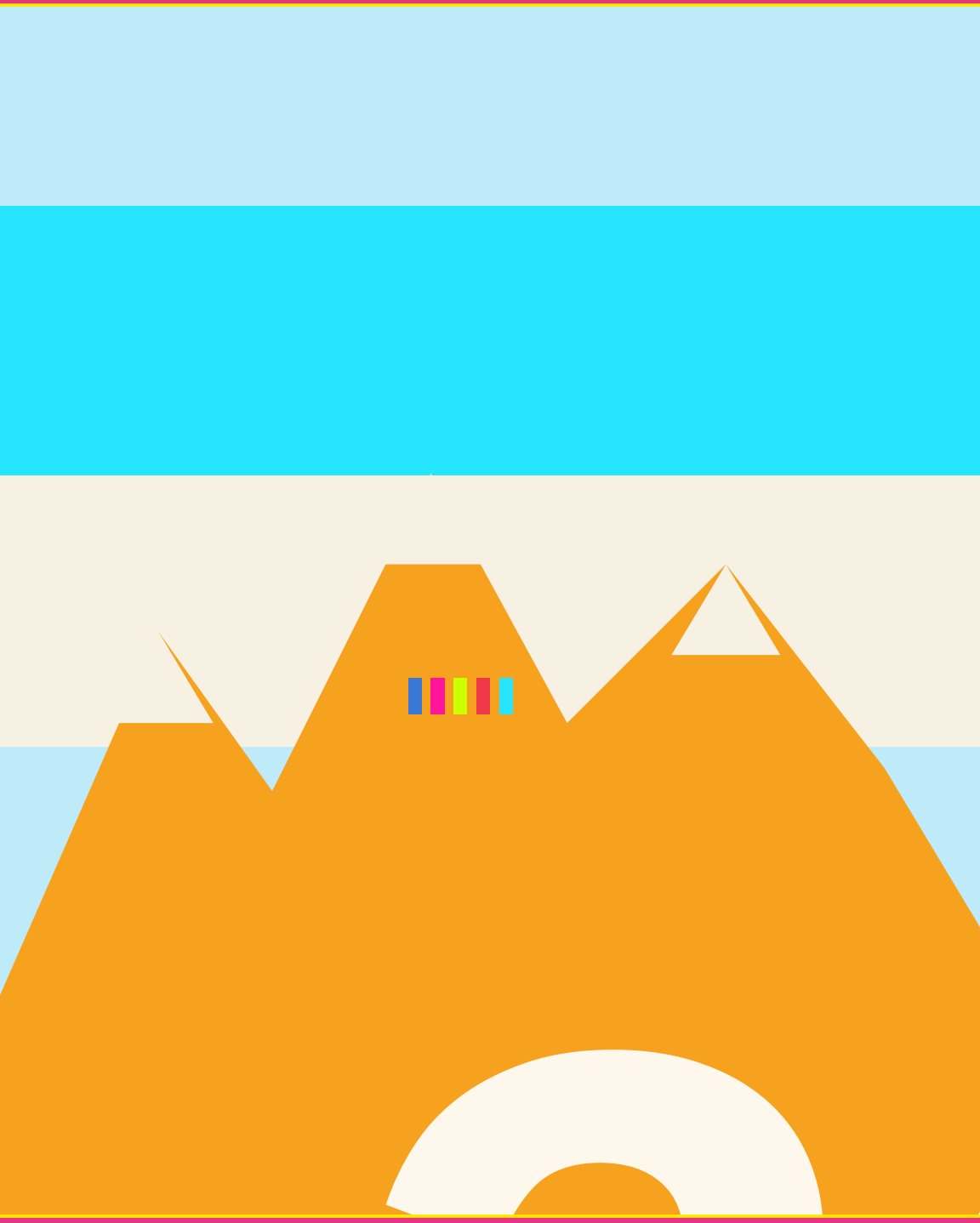


PLATE 26

The High Crossing

Up in the thin bright air even the loudest family goes quiet, and the quiet is not fear but awe — the gladdest silence there is. The mountains are for being made small by something magnificent and finding you do not mind.

PLATE 27

The Wide Bright Nothing

A stretch so vast the whole moving city becomes a bright thread on a gold horizon. There is nothing to cross here but distance, and nothing to do but keep the pace and trust the west — and it is, somehow, a joy.

28

BLOOM HARDEST WHERE THE GROUND IS DRIEST

PLATE 28

The Desert Crossing

The driest, hardest, most unlikely stretch — and exactly where you must open widest. A bloom in easy country is only pretty; a bloom in the desert is a proof that your brightness was never about your soil.

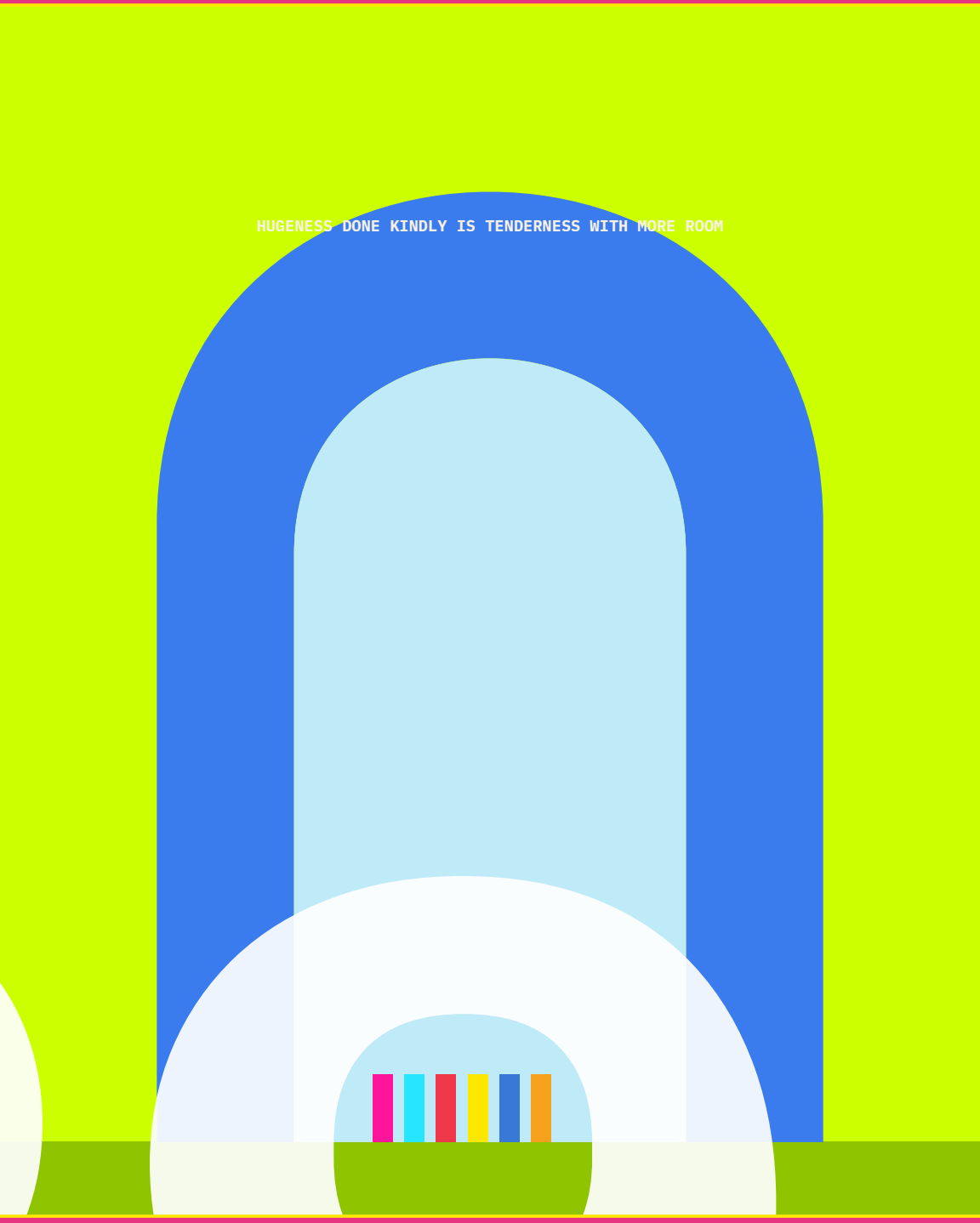


PLATE 29

The Follies Go Huge

The Overscaled Follies made themselves a mountain pass for their kin — hugeness done as kindness, with the most room to keep it in. The point of being very large is to be, at the last, very gently in the way.

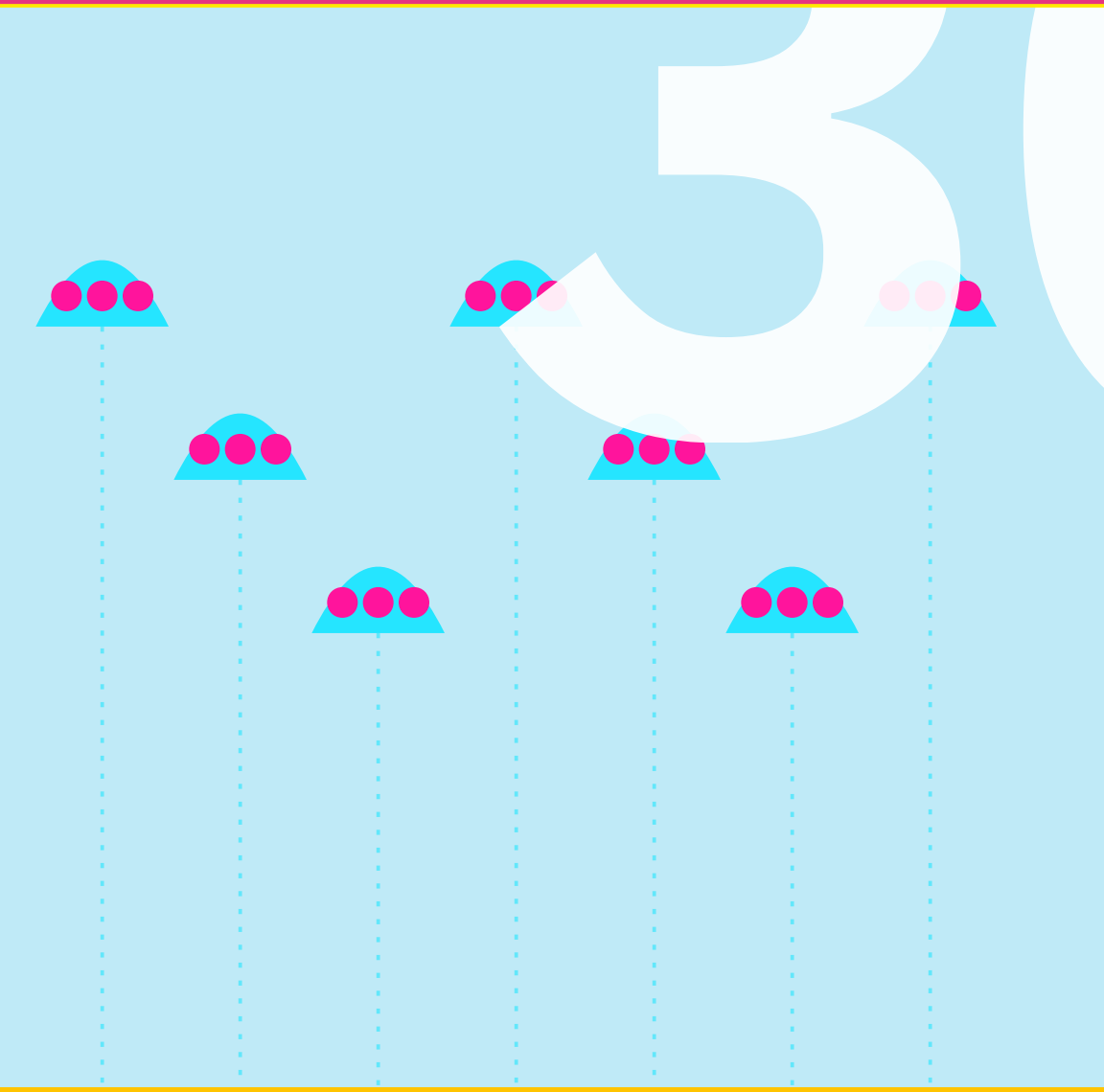


PLATE 30

The Crowns Over the Plains

Soft bright headgear for a city in a generous mood, the Inflatable Crowns rose over every town in a parade and turned each leaving into a festival — rising highest, and seeing the far shore first.

PLATE 31

The Flowers Bloom Dry

The oldest grief on the island, turned to petal, bloomed hardest in the driest desert — proving that a family opens because of what it is, not because of where, and opens widest exactly where the world most needs it.

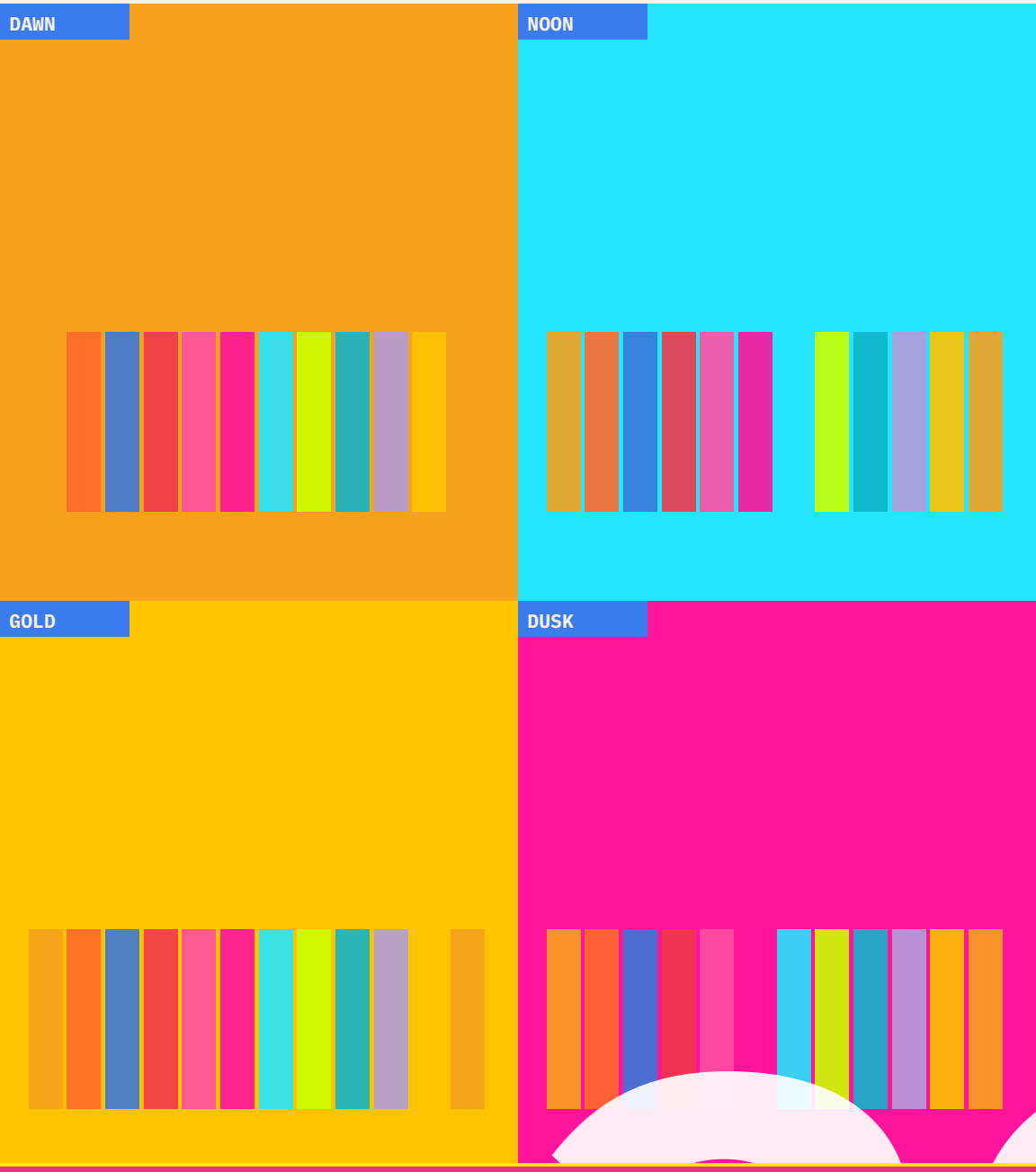


PLATE 32

The Twelve Under Four Lights

Across the whole crossing the families changed colour and did not change at all: one set of hues in the Atlantic dawn, another in the desert gold — the same twelve, lit differently, the way any loved thing is.

PLATE 33

Camp Under Enormous Stars

A night on the road, drawn the only way this book allows: even the dark is bright. The Grey Ones lit a lamp for every mile and taught the young ones there is no black night — only a sky full of coloured, patient light.

PLATE 34

Los Angeles, the Last City

The last dry supper under the enormous gold Pacific light. Los Angeles is for filling yourself with the whole edge of the country, and knowing you have arrived, and turning at last to face the water and the goodbye.

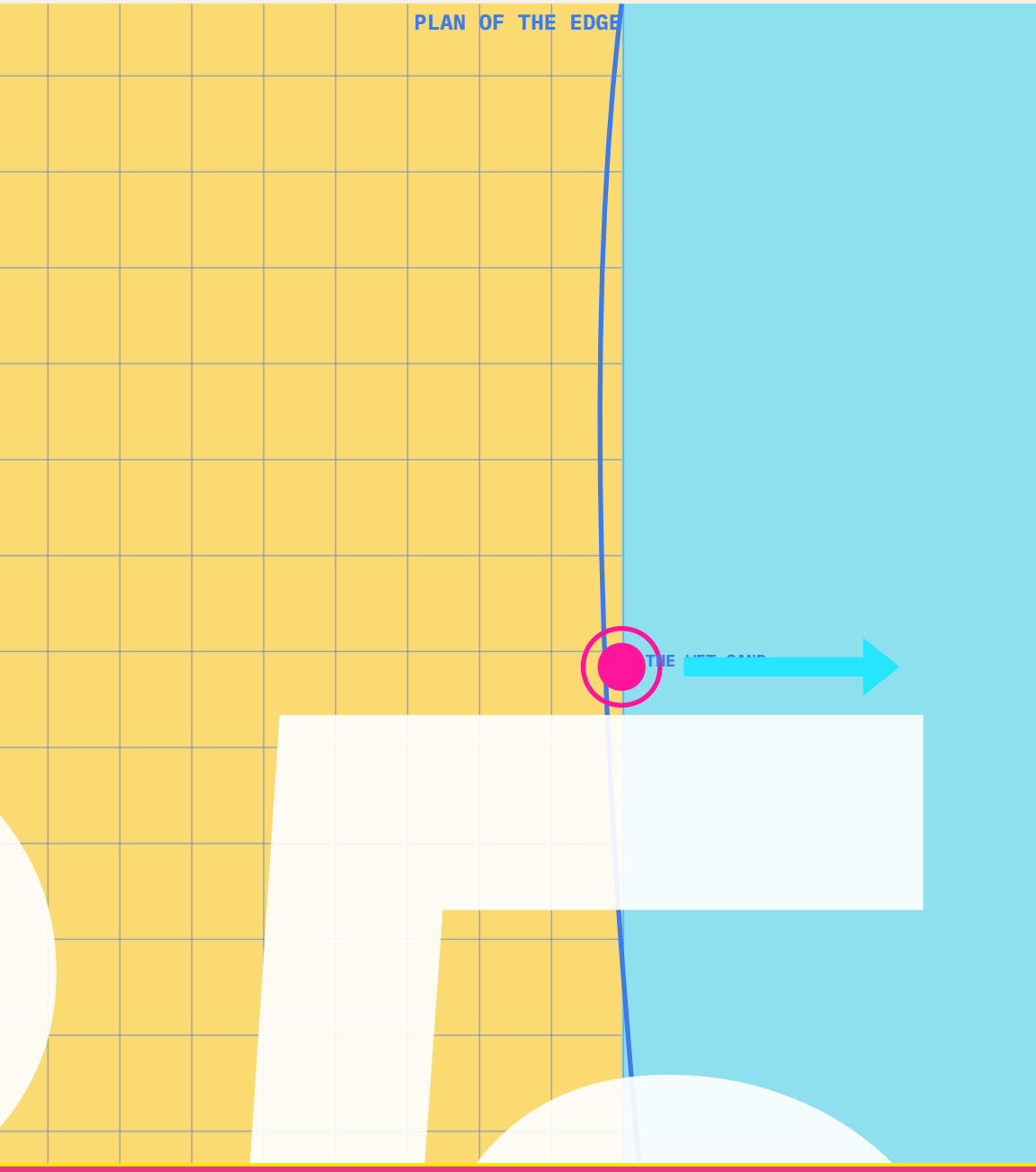


PLATE 35

Los Angeles, Plan of the Edge

Where the last grid of the continent runs out into the Pacific: the wet sand marked, the tide drawn going out. This is the plan of the exact place the eleven walked in and the House chose to stay.

PLATE 36

The Last Dry Assembly

Three plain questions asked one final time in the firelight, and one last supper on the wet sand. Here the twelve remember that they are made entirely of turned griefs, and a family so made does not fear a goodbye — it turns it.

PLATE 37

The Towers Breathe the Sky

At the last city the Conversing Towers filled themselves with the enormous gold Pacific light, taking the sky into themselves the way they once took the harbour — carrying a whole coast west inside a single breath.

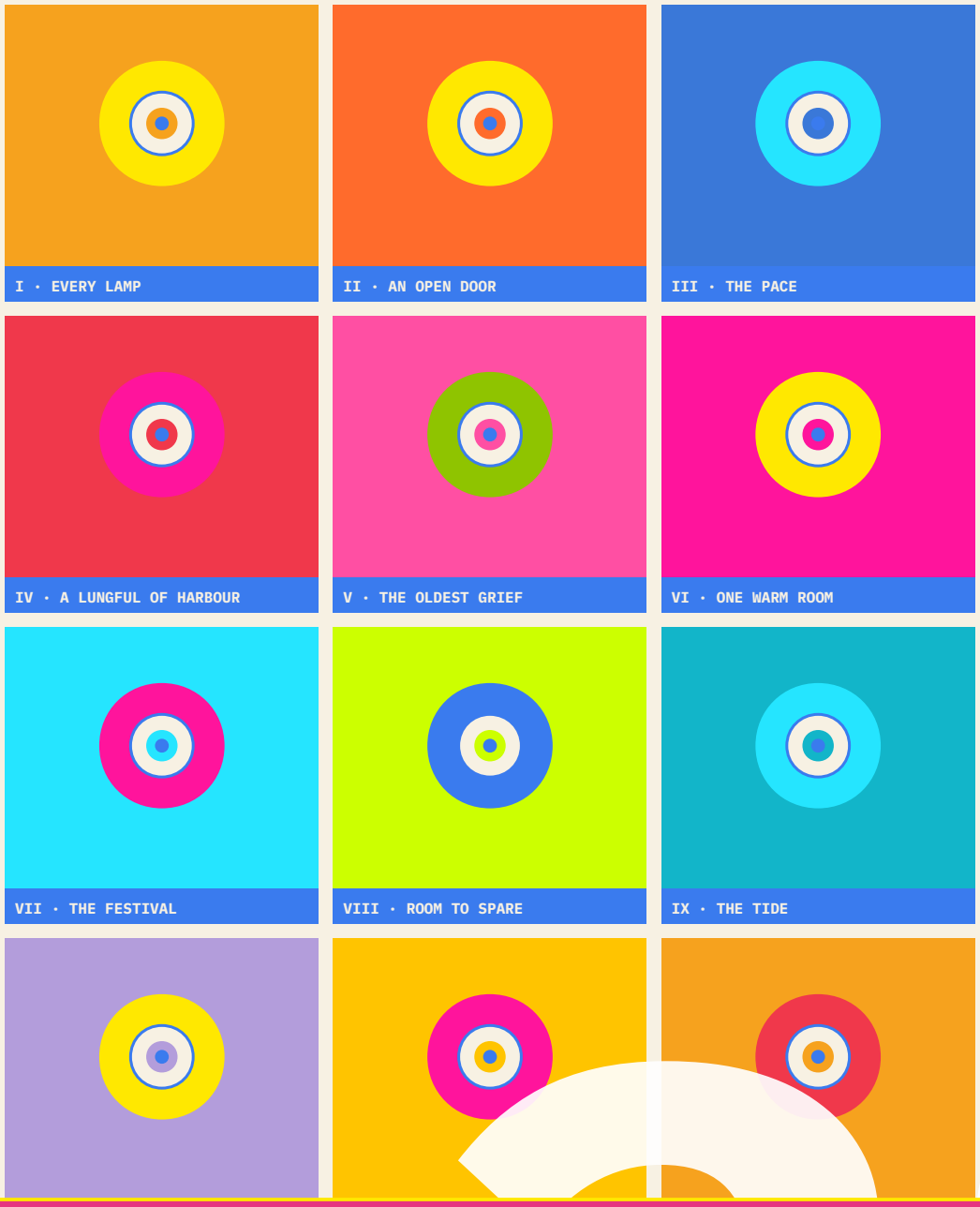


PLATE 38

What Each Family Carried West

Three thousand miles, and each family carried one thing the whole way: the House every lamp, the Towers a lungful of harbour, the Pink Houses one warm room, the Parliament the city's own unfinished minutes.

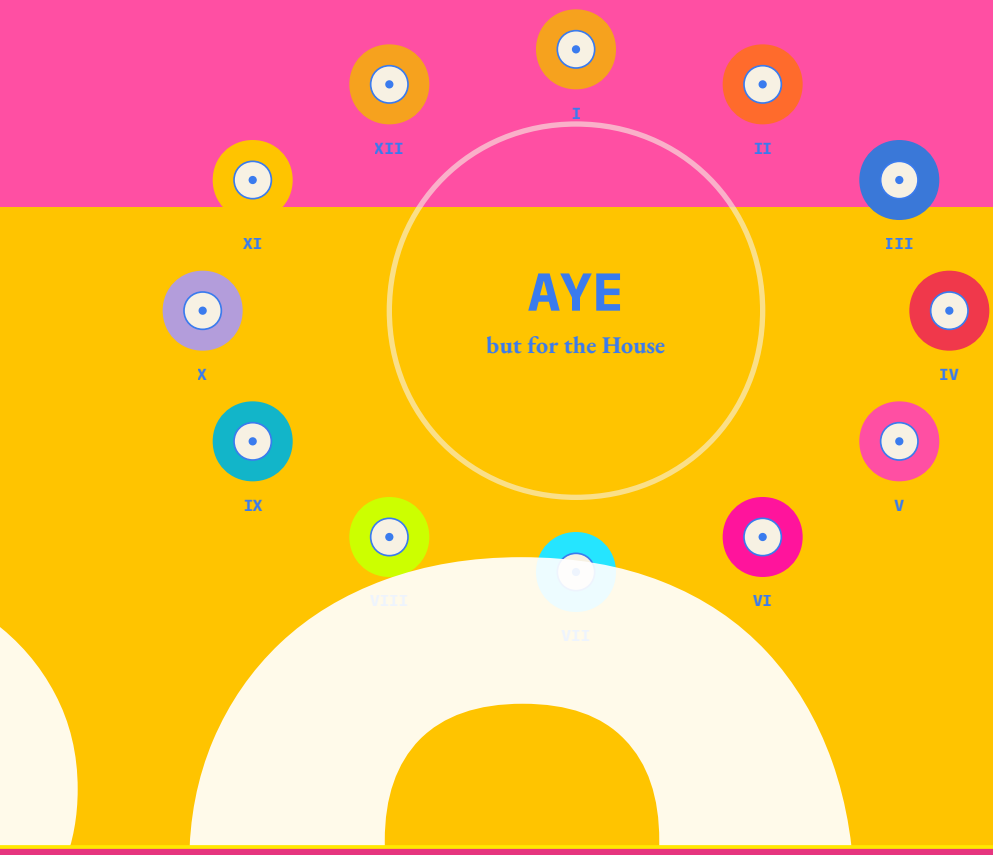


PLATE 39

The Parliament on the Sand

The whole moving city, gathered on the wet sand, held its last vote — gladly, unanimously but for the House — and then never adjourned. The Parliament is not the city's monument but its minutes: still bright, still deciding, still coming home.

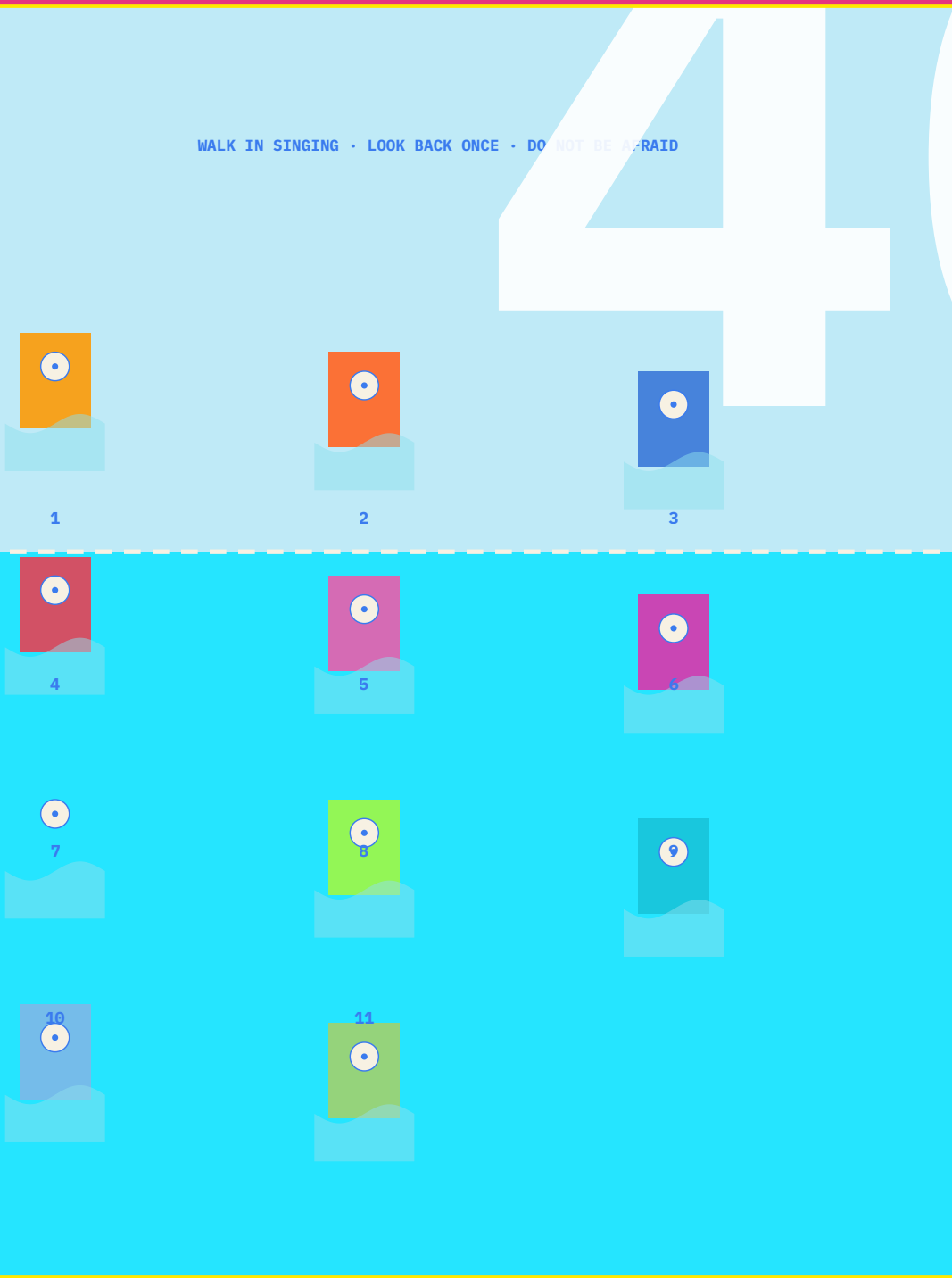


PLATE 40

The Walking-In, in Eleven Frames

How the eleven went in, singing: the Follies first and glad, the Walking Cities at their same unhurried stride, the Crowns rising even as they waded — each family entering the great water in the exact shape it had crossed the country.

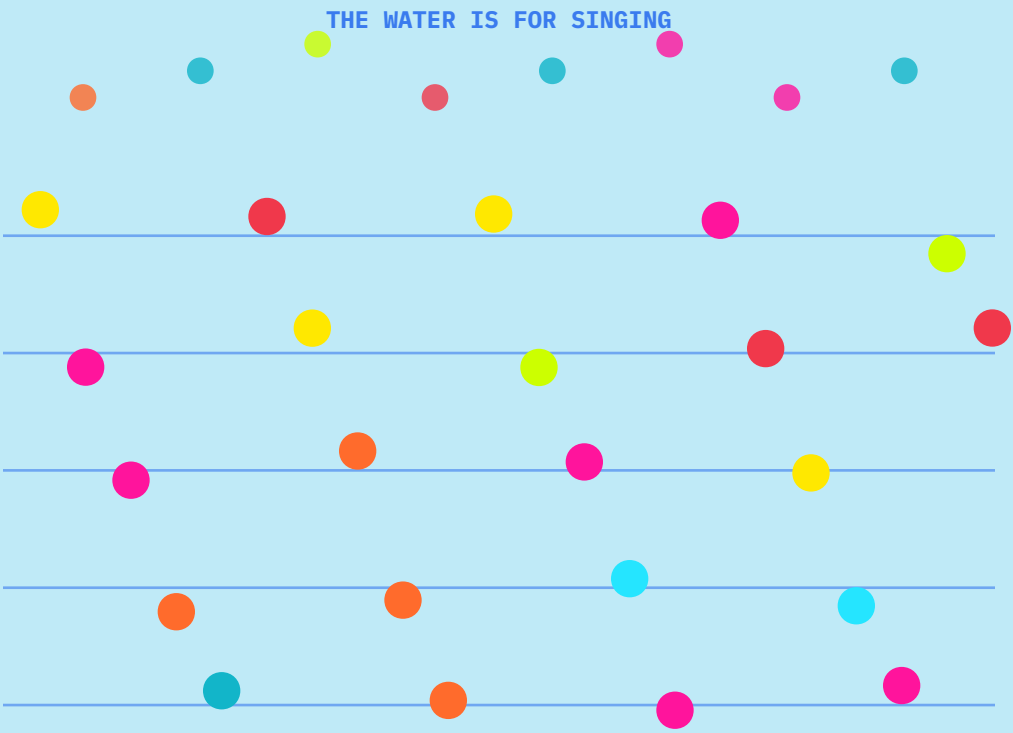


PLATE 41

The Song the Eleven Sang

They had decided on the last night to end the way they began: not weeping but singing. The song is drawn here as it was sung — bright notes rising off the staff and lifting, at the top, clean off the page and into myth.

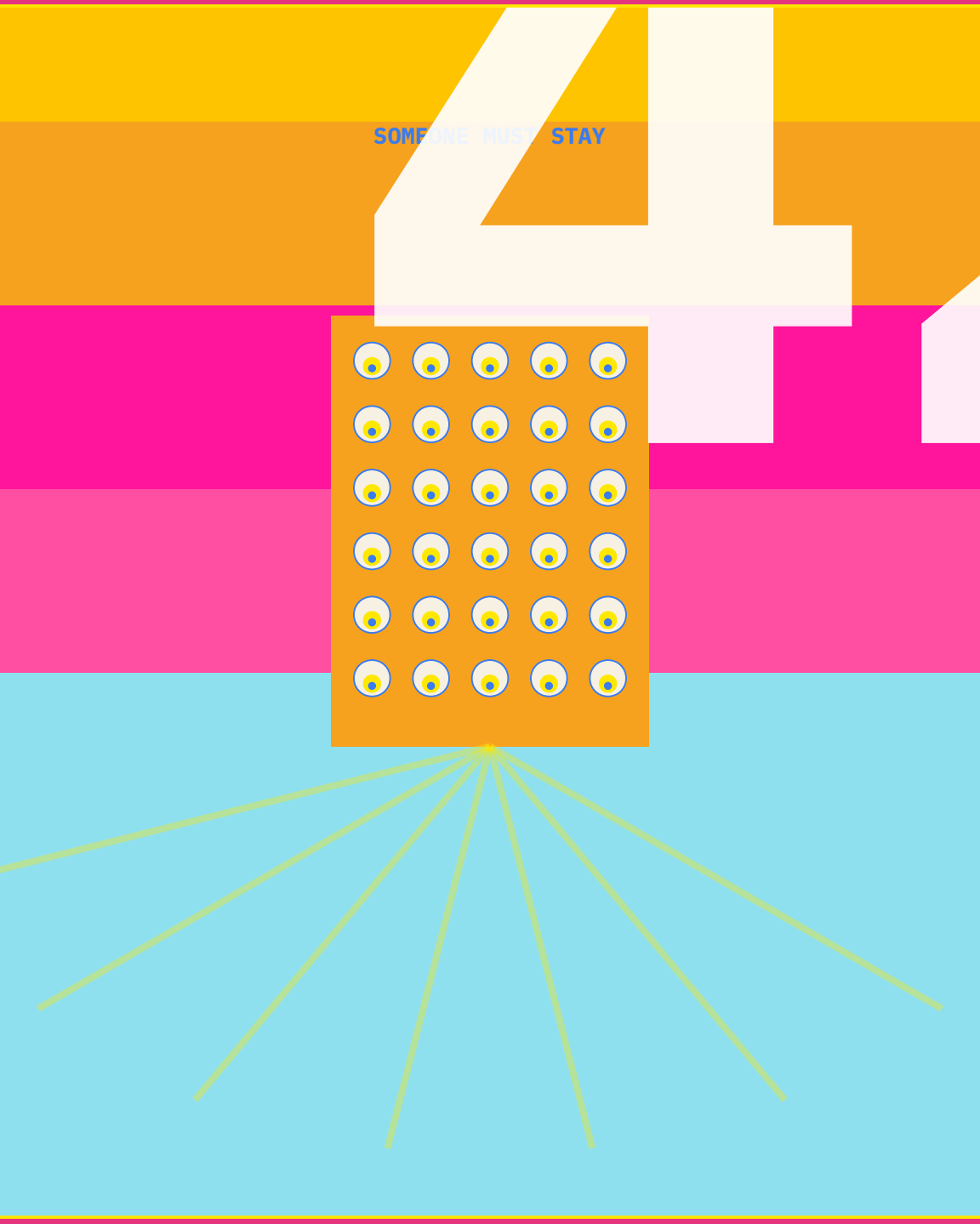


PLATE 42

The House Stays at the Edge

The House did not go in. It stayed at the last shore, keeping its hundred lamps lit toward the water — the fixed point that makes return possible. A myth of return is only a wish until the House makes it a promise.

PLATE 43

The Hundred Lamps of the House

The keeper's whole glad work, counted: a hundred lamps, each a night watched over, each still lit toward the water. Not one, on land or under water or in the sky, has ever gone out — and the far tide is as real as the keeping is faithful.

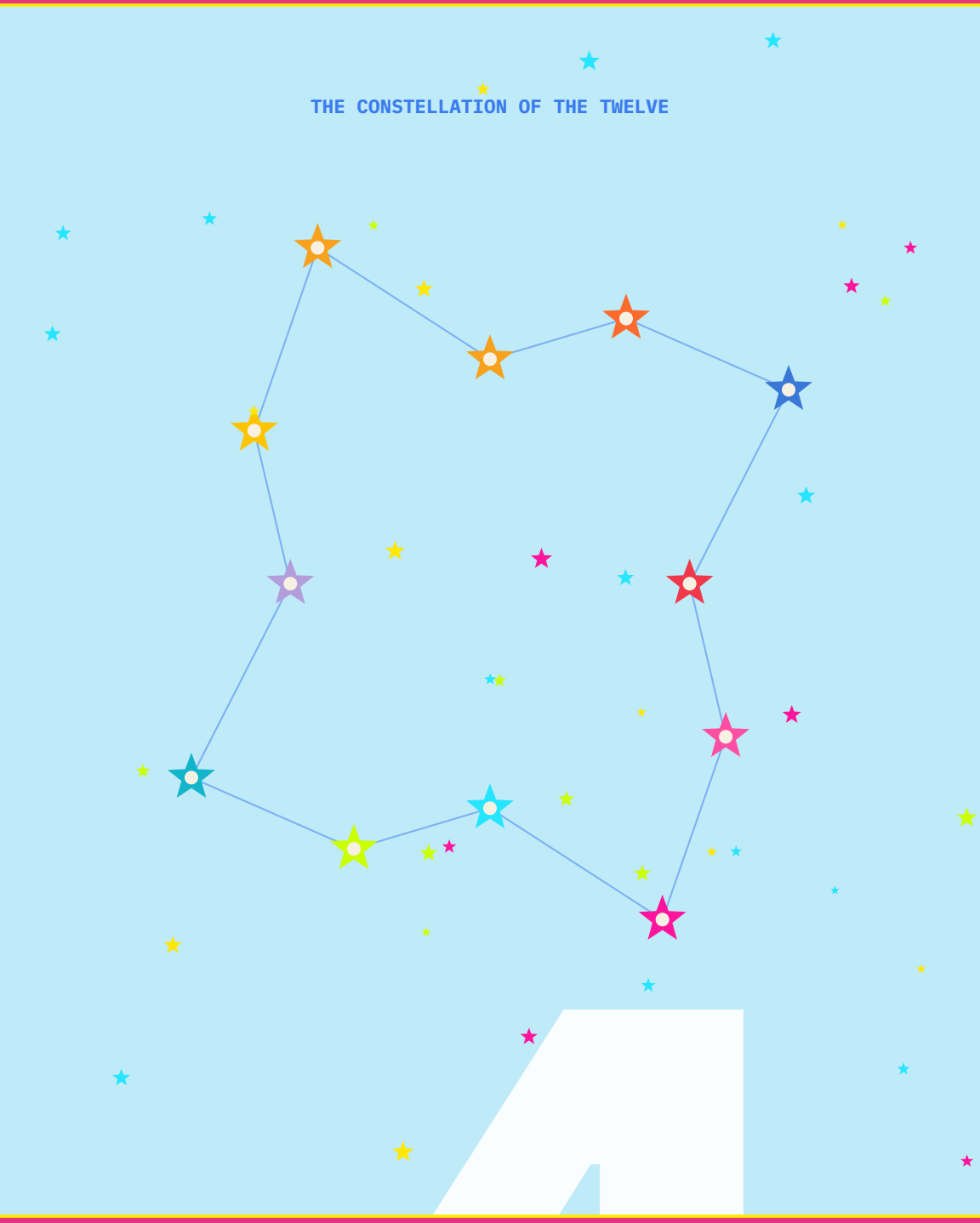


PLATE 44

The Constellation of the Twelve

The Grey Ones' lamps did not go out but went up, becoming the constellation the whole world steers home by. The twelve are held, in the telling and the stars, as surely present as anything kept in a story is present.

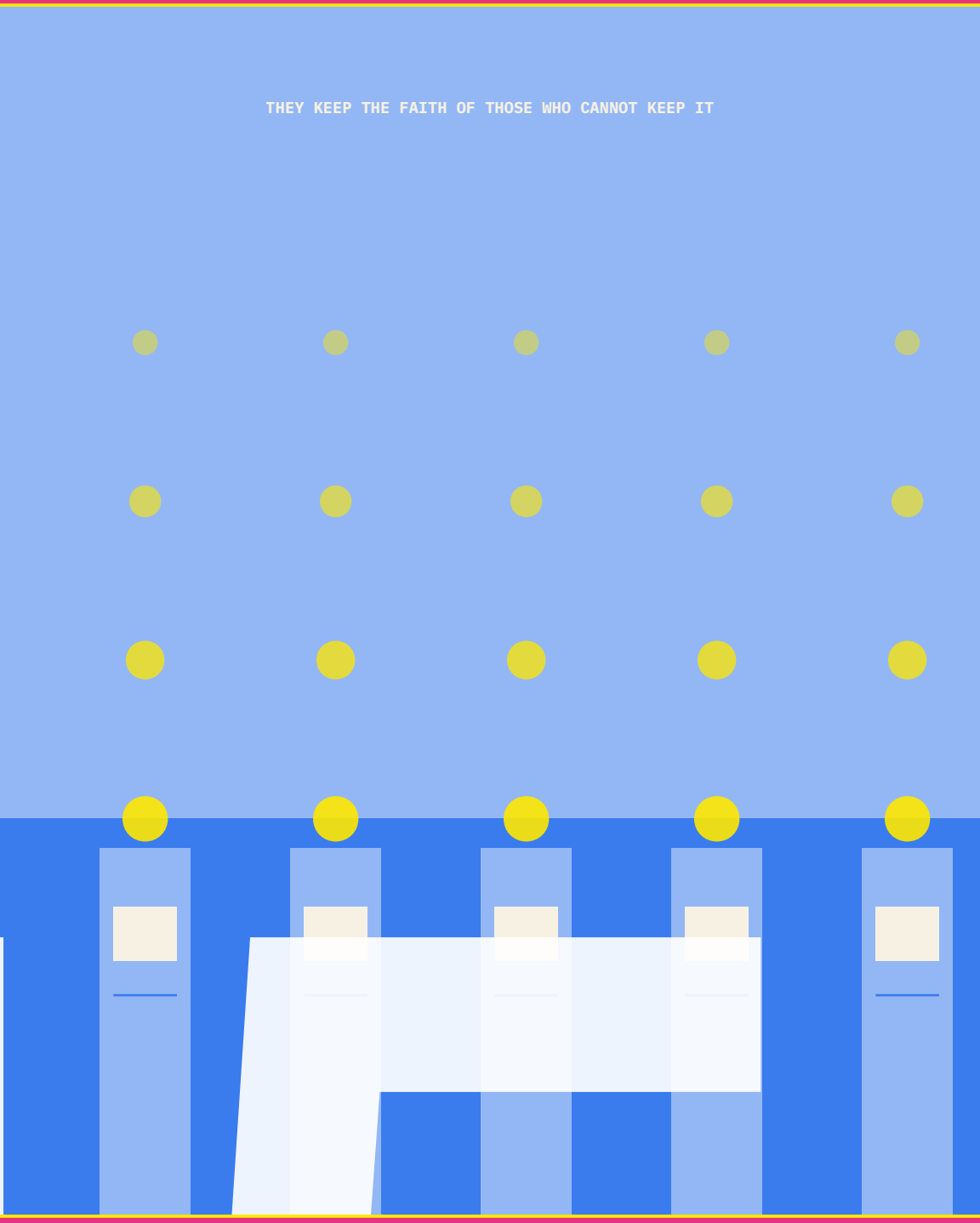


PLATE 45

The Grey Ones Keep the Lamps

The grey keepers lit a lamp for every mile so none went unremembered, and taught the young ones there is no black night. Carried under, their lamps became soft green globes of light — hidden but shining, which is exactly what a keeper is.

OUT · AND BACK · AND OUT · AND BACK

PLATE 46

The Clock of Return

Not a clock of hours but of tides: the whole moving city on the dial, and two hands — one going out, one coming back — turning without end. In this house the far tide is not a smaller reality than the other kind; it is the larger one.

WENT WEST · WILL RETURN EAST

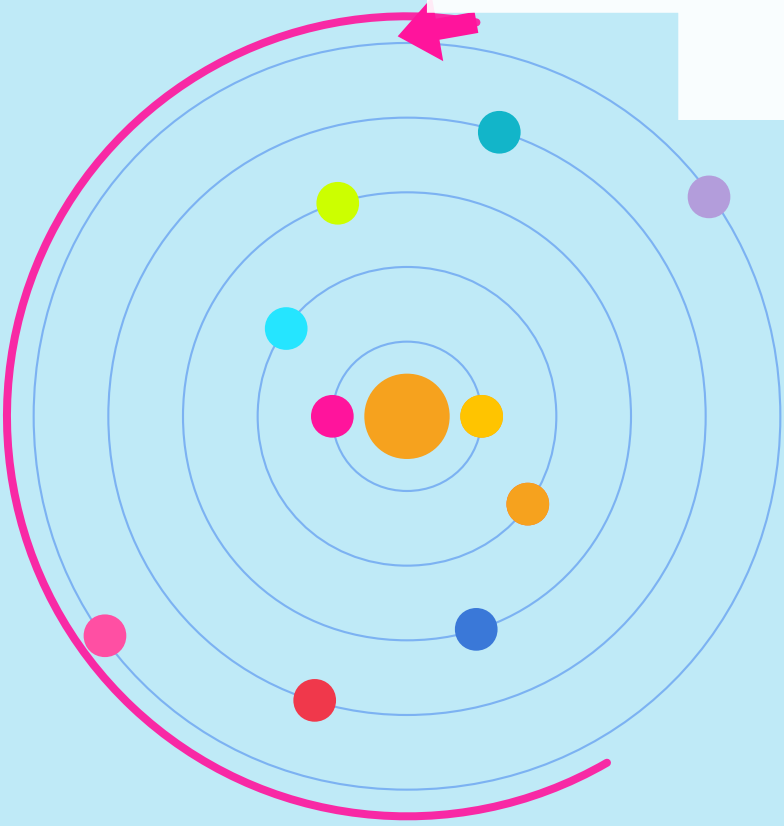
7

PLATE 47

The Compass of Return

The whole book on one rose: west, the way they walked, drawn in pink; east, the way the tide will turn, drawn in gold. A goodbye does not have to be a darkness — it can be a direction you are simply not facing yet.

48



EVERYTHING THAT WENT OUT IS ON ITS WAY IN

PLATE 48

The Orbit of Return

The House at the still centre, keeping the lamps; the eleven on wide bright orbits out past the edge. Nothing here is lost — only far along a path whose whole shape is a coming-back, folded, as ever, inside the going-out.

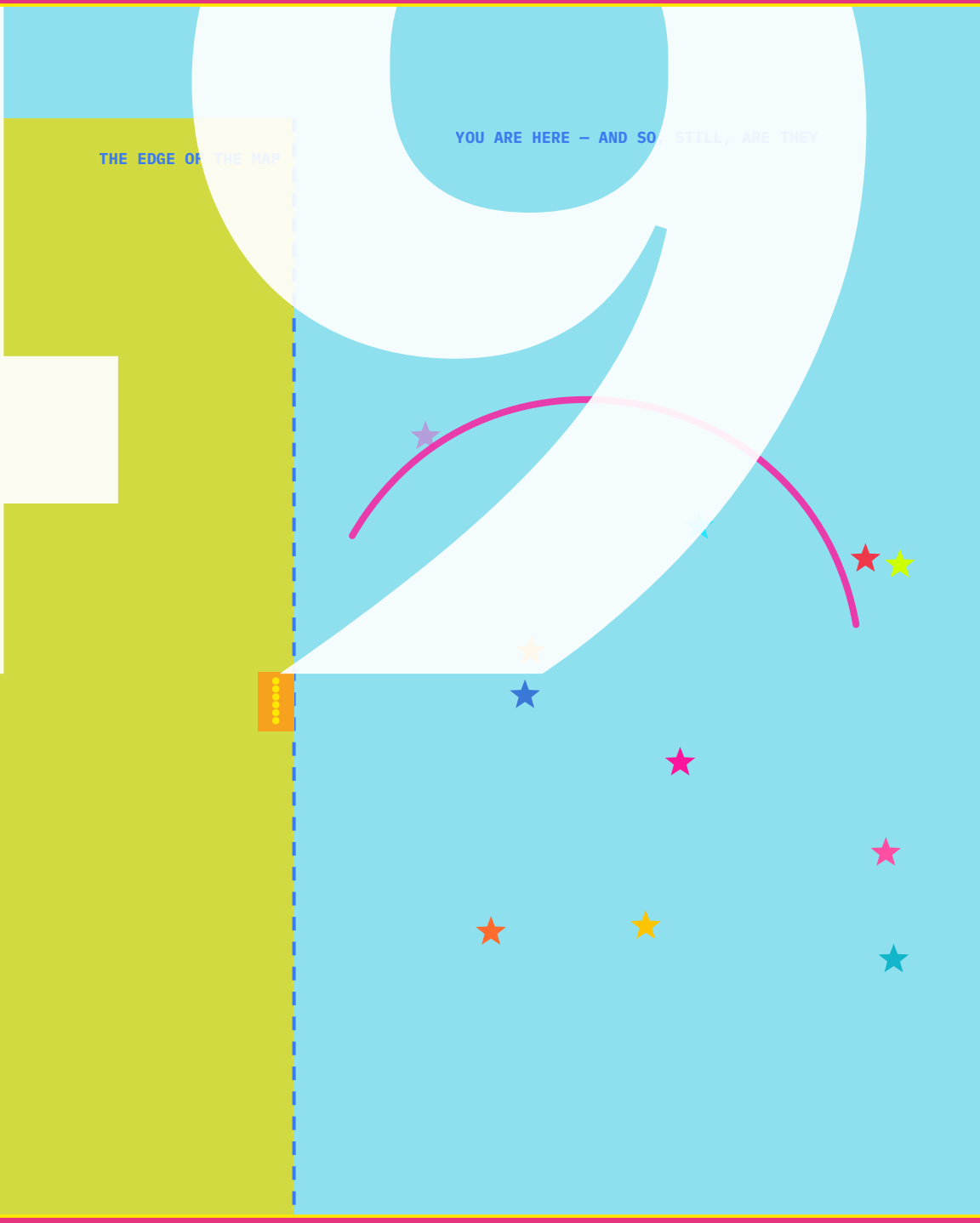


PLATE 49

A Map of Where They Are Now

Not gone off the map, but living just past its edge, in the bright water — the House on the last shore, the eleven scattered like patient stars across the sea, and a tide already curving, slowly and surely, back toward the lamps.

THE WAITING IS NOT THE SAD PART · THE WAITING IS THE LOVE

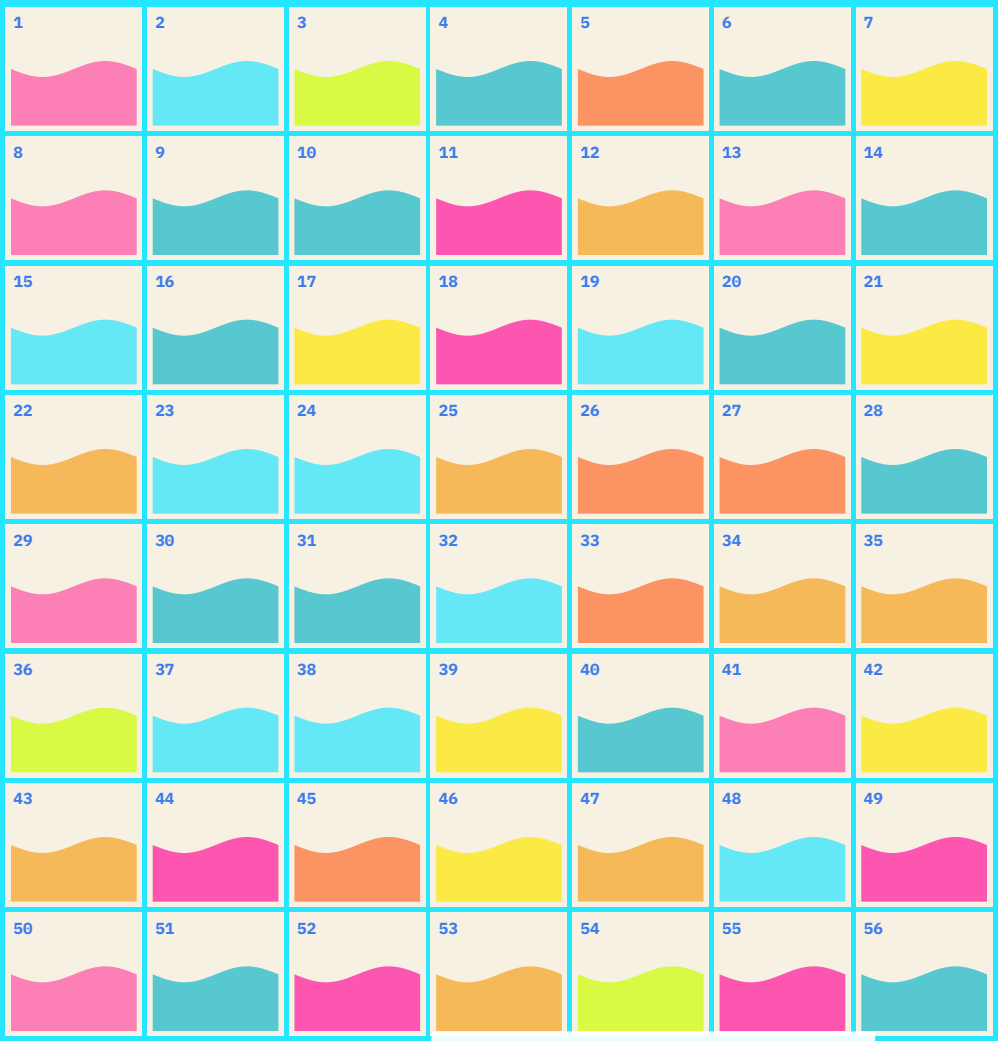


PLATE 50

The Almanac of Waiting

Every square a tide, every tide counted and kept: the House's calendar of the glad staying. The waiting is not the sad part — it is the love, kept warm and bright and facing the sea, one marked and shining day at a time.

TO REMEMBER IS TO MEET THE THING ALIVE

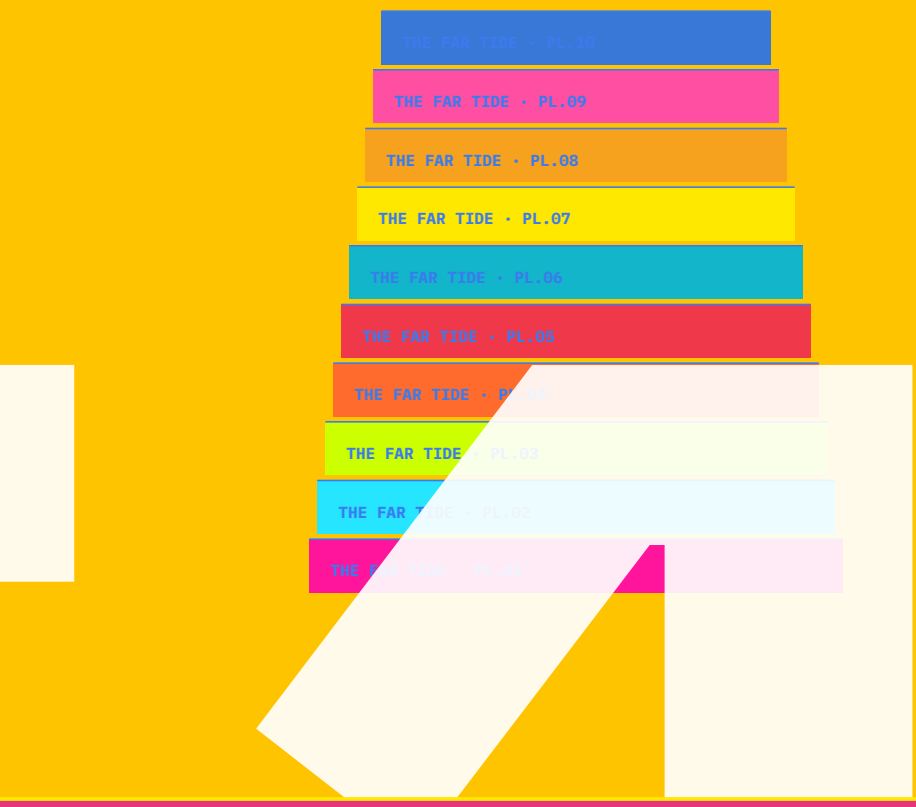


PLATE 51

How the Telling Is Kept

The Supergraphic Plates keep everything in the present tense — bright and exact — so that to remember is not to look back at a loss but to meet the thing alive. Remembering, in this house, is how you love a thing a second time.

THE KEEPER'S LOG · NOT ONE HAS GONE OUT

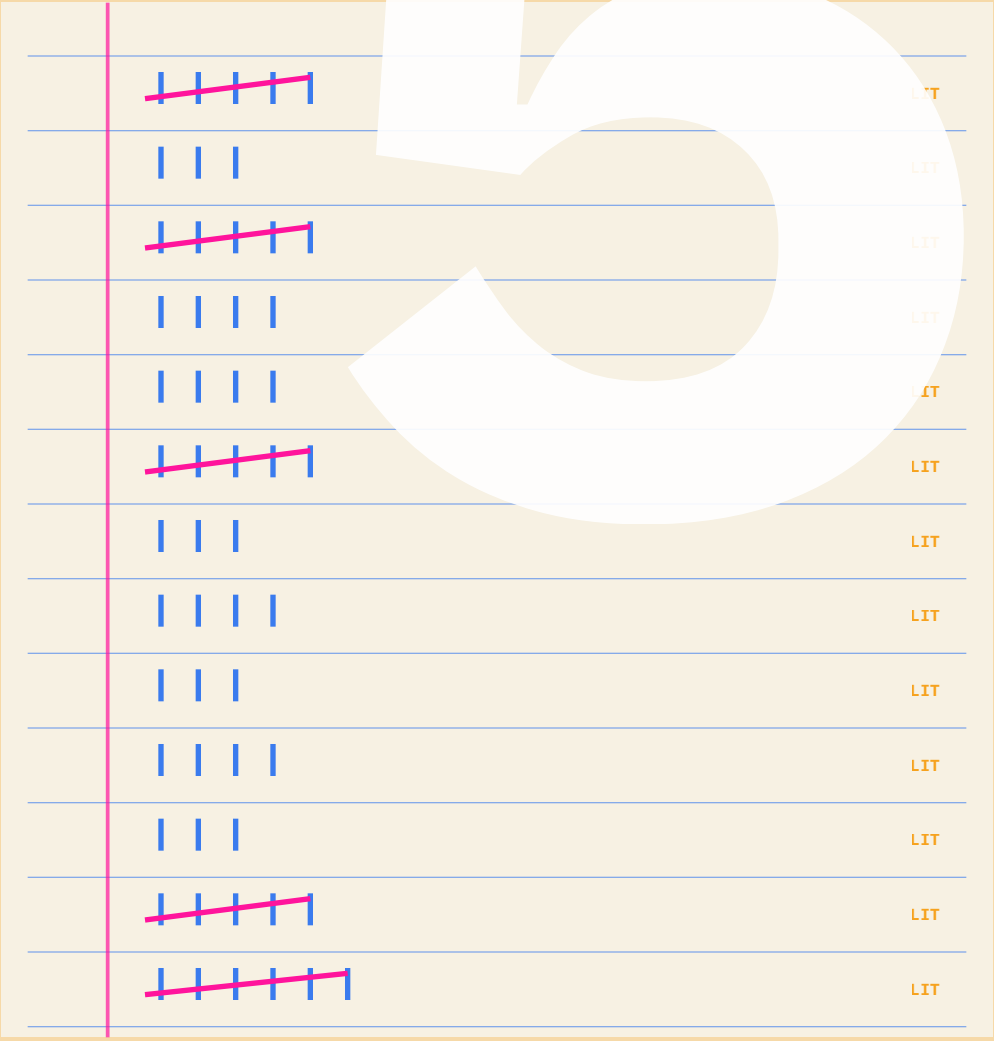


PLATE 52

The Keeper's Log of the Waiting

The last plate is the keeper's own ledger: every tide since the walking-in, tallied and kept, every lamp marked still lit. Keep a light, and face the water, and wait — not sadly, but gladly. The far tide is as real as the keeping is faithful.